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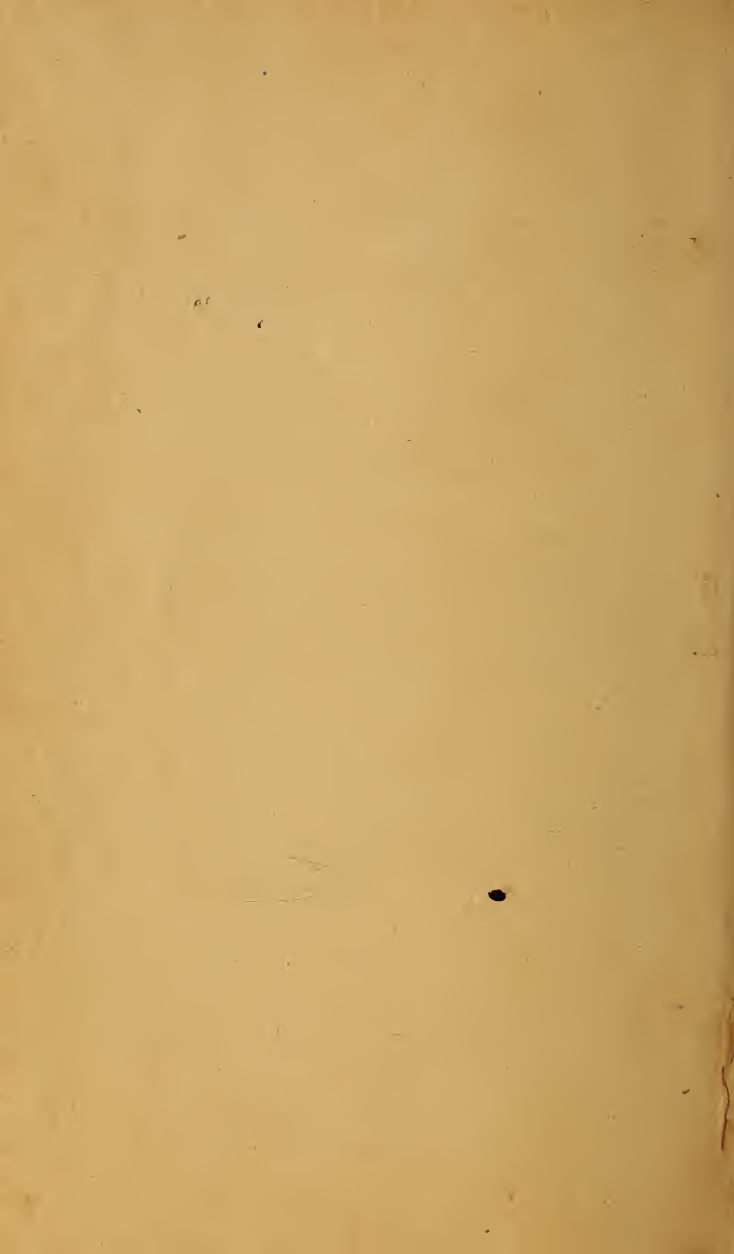
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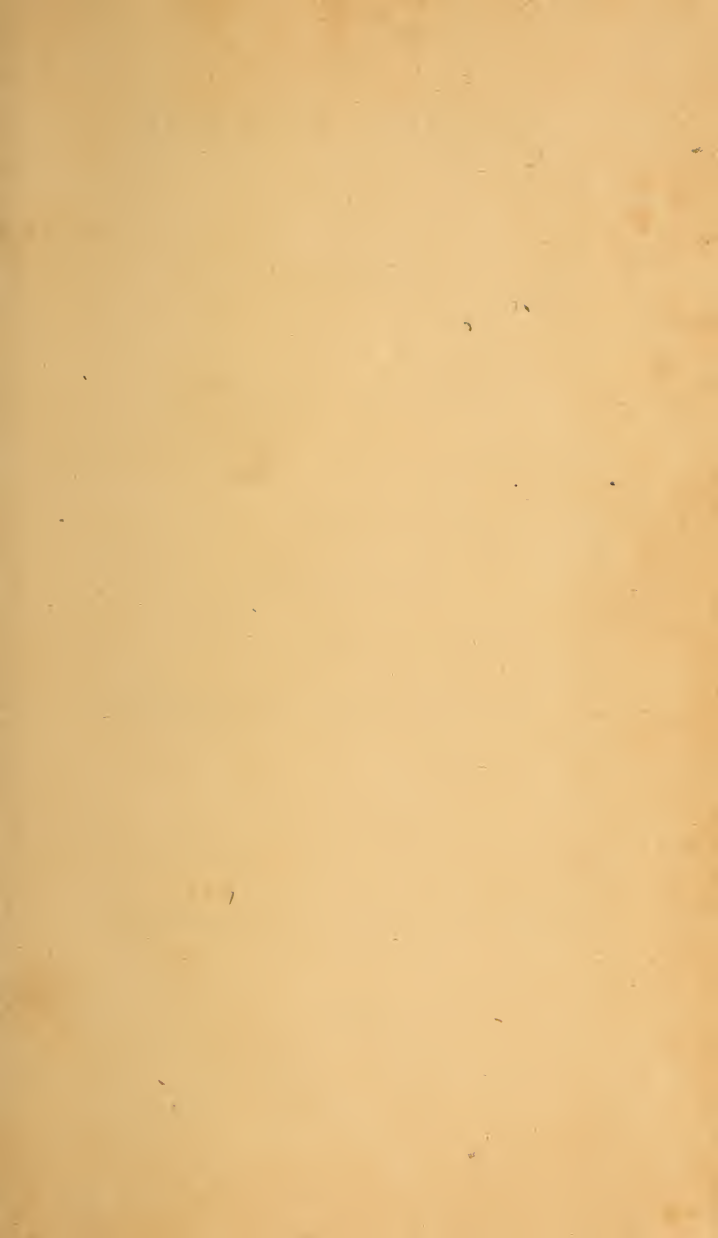
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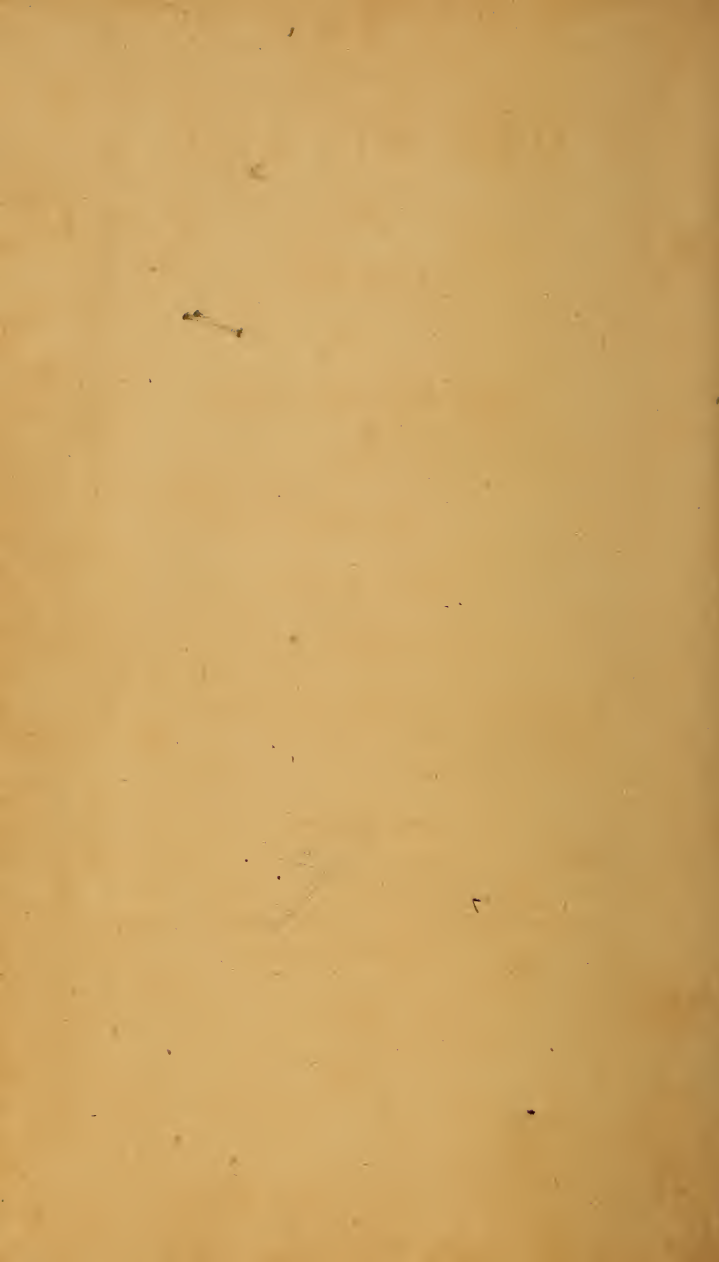
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

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THE
HERMITAGE,
OR
VIEWS
OF
LIFE AND MANNERS.

A
POEM,
WITH NOTES.



Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus: nostri est farrago libelli.

JUV.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1809.

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THE
HERMITAGE.

SECTION I.

THE POET'S WISH.

How sweet to wander from the restless town,
Where gentle hills the distant prospects crown!
To breathe the vital streams which herbage yields,
While the warm beam illumines the waving fields;
To hear the chorus of the warbling glade,
And trace the notes by each sweet rival made;
To mark the varied beauties of the trees,
And meet the treasures of the fragrant breeze;
Nature's sublimer presence to survey,
As thro' the towering wood our footsteps stray;

Or to pursue the wild fantastic views
 Of the green lanes assuming autumn's hues.
 Charm'd by the magic of the rural power,
 Time never brings the busy, fretful hour:
 The peace of health steals gently o'er the mind,
 And new delights unfold where'er our footsteps wind.

At times gay fancy will in jocund play,
 Enrapt, but harmless, on her visions stray:
 Oft the sprite wafts me to romantic scenes;
 And thus on hope, the dear capricious leans.

Near some extensive park, whose courteous lord
 Leave to stroll round will to my wish award;
 Whose trees in solemn groves, or wild woods wrought
 With soothing shade invite the musing thought;
 Where I can rove at will, and soon be lost
 From busy man, by no intruders cross'd;
 Be my neat cot, with flowers and ivy grac'd,
 Last of a scatter'd village humbly plac'd.

May the brown lichen, or the tufted moss
 Spread o'er my walls, and my rough pales emboss !
 A little plot of green before my door,
 Border'd with living gems from Flora's store :
 Sweet jasmine o'er my lattic'd porch should climb,
 And roses mingle all their fragrant prime.

Behind, mid sprouting sloe and hawthorn gay,
 May my secluded garden wind away.
 There should some spreading elms their foliage lend,
 And from the sun my hermit seat defend ;
 Or if a tinkling rill flowed gently by,
 A rustic grotto should its calm supply ;
 Or near some ancient tree, whose branches few
 Would wave the shade I need, I'd sit and view.
 At times the distant hills should swell my thought,
 And lofty feelings, undefin'd, be wrought ;
 Or on the loitering hedger, or the grass
 Picturing the flying clouds, my mind should pass :
 Or with my gentle fair I'd smile and chat,
 Or for her darlings ply the cheerful bat :

Or o'er thy pages, Radcliffe, harrowed, pore,
 And feel that terror scarce had liv'd before:
 Or feast, my Burney, on thy classic strain,
 Impressive painter of the modish train: ¹
 Or thro' thy rich majestic periods stray,
 King of the tuneful prose, and moral lay!
 And prune my emulous mind and mend my heart,
 As thy pure wisdom, Johnson, points the chart ²:
 Or learn, while nations urge war's madd'ning work,
 Eloquent polity from splendid Burke ³:
 Or with thy eagle mind, dear Paley! soar,
 And by creation taught, my God adore;
 Or trace my chain of duties in thy page,
 Resistless reasoner! all persuasive sage!
 Or animate my faith in sacred truth ⁴,
 From thy emphatic proofs, thou friend of youth!
 Or rouse to noblest energies my soul,
 Demosthenes! as thy dread thunders roll.
 Nor yet, my Shakspeare, should thy genius vast
 Pouring its endless wisdom, be o'erpast.

¹ For Notes, see end of Section.

Monarch of nature and of man ! to thee
 All hearts were bare ; all moral knowledge free.
 The flowers of Young and Thomson shall succeed,
 When from Pope's music some relief I need :
 Or if magnificent profusion please,
 The burning thoughts, the living figures seize
 Of thee, sublime Isaiah ! whose blest page
 The sacred sufferer paints to every age ⁵.

When evening skies with coloured radiance blaze,
 And on high casements dance the parting rays,
 We'd seek the odorous fields, applaud the breeze,
 And chase the playful insect to the trees :
 Our little pratlers urge to emulous speed,
 And kiss the Atalantas who succeed ;
 And as they pick the flowers which paint the earth,
 Describe their classes to their pausing mirth.
 Ah ! how the mother's smiles will charm the way,
 While the gay fondlings innocently play :
 Their brightening eyes, their gentle dovelike smiles,
 Their limbs all moving and their giddy wiles ;

Their earnest chit-chat, and their little jars
 If one molest the other's dolls and cars:
 All please, all recreate; for harmless mirth
 From all their frolics takes perpetual birth.

When nature sleeps beneath that solemn sea
 Of calming light, which spreads from tree to tree;
 While in her silent majesty, the moon
 Looks mildly on the wight who loves her noon;
 Let me alone pervade the silent grove,
 And give th' unfettered intellect to rove.
 What heavenly feelings glide within my frame!
 Visions of other worlds the soul reclaim.
 'Tis then this globe a foreign climate seems:
 'Tis then the future life in glory beams.
 Oh, messenger of heaven! so formed to nurse
 The godlike purpose and the moral verse:
 Still may'st thou sooth our stormy minds to peace;
 Proclaim th' immortal world, and make wild passion cease.

MATERNAL EMPLOYMENTS.

SUCH was my early sigh—and heaven in part
Has blest me with the wishes of my heart.
Now oft we seek the long-lov'd rural shade;
The grove our concert; our saloon the glade.
Forgetting and forgot, we rove the fields,
And taste the pleasures which retirement yields.
Enjoyments, ever cheering, ever new!
Oft with the birds we breathe th' exhaling dew;
And revel in the fragrance of the morn
Ere yet the sun too radiant fills the lawn.
But when his burning flood, unclouded, streams,
We seek the tasks whence growing knowledge beams.
There the dear parent consecrates her time
To rear the budding flowrets of her prime:
Her lovely treasures plac'd around her chair,
Imbibe the generous lessons of her care.
One emulates her hand with learning's jet;
One calculates the figures she has set:

Another reads the gay Parisian lore ;
 While her first pledge of love the higher store
 Of ancient Rome is labouring to explore.
 These themes fulfill'd, she leads them to prepare
 The tuneful mazes of th' appointed air.
 In beauty's morn she thus devotes her youth
 To guide the offspring of her nuptial truth ;
 And heaven the generous sacrifice will bless,
 With sweet obedience, with love's soft caress,
 With virtue's deathless flowers which her fond cares
 impress o.

But other minds by different hopes are led,
 To various goals life's cultur'd regions spread.
 Let me, before I quit my lov'd retreat,
 Survey the paths which men delight to beat :
 Balance their good and evil, and discern
 Where happiness most bounteous pours her urn.
 Thus having view'd the plans of human hope,
 Reason will choose the wisest for her scope.

NOTES.

¹ The progress of narrative fiction in this country has had several stages. Mr. Ellis, in his "Specimens of Ancient Metrical Romances," has given us a complete and interesting picture of the first period, and they who are desirous to study the originals, may see some of the earliest and most important in Mr. Ritson's collection. One of the next advances appears in the long prose romances of chivalry, which delighted our forefathers. Mr. Southey has obliged us with modern translations of two of the most ancient and most interesting of these, *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Palmerin of England*. They are entirely works of imagination, and abound with genius, though sometimes heavy, from the monotony of so many battles. Mr. Southey has also given us the *Chronicle of the Cid*, which, though chiefly true history, is so much in the form of romance that it may be classed with the others. When this kind of fiction lost its novelty, and the human taste began to refine, those immense compositions were produced, the *Cassandra*, *Grand Cyrus*, *Clelia*, and others, which terrify us by their size rather than their contents; for these, though always heroic, are perfectly soporific. The increasing progress of the human intellect made such books unpopular; and the next change was, fortunately, the habit of deriving the incidents from real life. We must attribute the honour of this

improvement chiefly to Boccacio and Margaret of Valois. Those examples gave birth, in time, to these works of fiction, which we properly call Novels. These were, however, not of the best tendency, though often written by women, as those of Mrs. Behn, Mrs. Haywood, Mrs. Manley, and others. Intrigue was their favourite incident, and evolution of character was little studied, till Fielding published his admirable specimens of the **DRAMATIC NOVEL**—a happy incorporation of true comedy, with an interesting narrative. Smollet continued this new school, using less dialogue, and selecting different paths of life; and Richardson descending still more minutely into human nature, connected his works of fiction most powerfully with our sympathy, and brought his characters into the most familiar companionship with us. The two most distinguished classes of our own times are those of Madame D'Arblay and Mrs. Radcliffe. The *Cecilia* and *Evelina*, though they have had many imitators, stand yet by themselves. Very cultivated talents and much acquaintance with life are required to preserve that species of novel from placid mediocrity. But "*The Romance of the Forest*," and "*The Italian*," being built on incidents which never existed, and approaching nature but rudely in the characters, are more imitable by the young, whose minds are always in a state of more fervid extravagance than they can be in the matured part of life. But as they excite the imagination too strongly, and make us "sup full with horrors," they are perhaps more attractive than laudable. They appear to be the offspring of the wild German school, which seems delighted to abandon both nature and common sense. Some fair writers of the pre-

sent day, Mrs. West, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Opie, and Miss Edgeworth, have given us fictitious works, which form an interesting mixture of the novel and the romance; and as they are directed to excite moral feelings, they deserve celebrity. The French novels were formerly written with the most insidious immorality; they were literally serpents concealed among roses. But the *Atala* of Chateau Briand, and the *Elisabeth* of Madame Cottin, encourage us to hope that, as "he who thinks rationally must think morally," the French genius may at last discern, that fame is to be acquired by improving as well as by corrupting society.

² The works of Dr. Johnson are among the few human compositions which are born not to die. The style of this admirable author has been appreciated with much discrimination by Dr. Drake. "To verbal precision it was the perpetual effort of Johnson to add all that harmony and splendor could confer; to words therefore peculiarly forcible and sonorous, he has given a construction and an arrangement admirably calculated to impart the utmost dignity, melody, and nerve. Parallelisms, alliteration, verbal recurrences, and an abundant use of metaphorical expression, are some of the chief instruments to which he has had recourse. In the employment of metaphor he has been singularly happy. He has seldom, if ever, confounded the literal with the figurative sense. Both his metaphors and similies, therefore, are consistent and complete in themselves, and display a resemblance sufficiently close to form the intended picture and impression on the mind. Pointed phrases, measured pauses, and correspondent lengths of period, are likewise for the purposes of strength and har-

mony, in constant employ through the pages of the Rambler, and are very frequently productive of the most pleasing effects upon the ear, and of that richness and melody so well calculated to excite the emotions of elevation and grandeur. —To him, who possesses a correct taste and a strong discriminative judgment, the study of the style of Johnson must be attended with the best results. He will have before him specimens of the noblest and richest diction of which our literature can boast; a diction, indeed, from its nature considerably limited in its due application; but when employed on subjects of true dignity and serious moment, to record the labours of the hero or the legislator, or to clothe with fresh energy the maxims of virtue and piety, perhaps unparalleled in the powers of impression." Essays biographical, critical, and historical on the Rambler, &c. 265 and 284.

3 Political writings are usually ephemeral compositions. Swift and Bolingbroke were among the first writers who made them interesting to posterity. The general principles of political science have since their time been studied with success, and commented upon with much philosophical discussion. The works of Burke are not of this scientific nature. They are the compositions of such an orator as Cicero professes to form. Perhaps he is the only orator that has really acquired that encyclopedia of knowledge which the Roman recommended. The writings and speeches of Burke abound with many passages of vitiated taste, and occasionally display a censurable spirit of acrimony and some false eloquence. But they exhibit, on the whole, a richness of genius, an extent of information, and a sagacity of thought which transcend all

competitors. He enjoyed likewise the felicity of having for his subject a revolution which will affect, and therefore must interest, posterity to a very distant period.

⁴ The Natural Theology; the Moral Philosophy; the Evidences of Christianity, and the *Horæ Paulinæ* of Dr. Paley, display that peculiar talent of just philosophical reasoning, which of all human endowments appears to be the most rare. *Disputatio argumentatus*, and rhetorical declamation, are very common: but the happy art of reasoning correctly from unquestionable positions, is not only difficult to attain but as difficult to exercise. Hume frequently begins to reason justly in his essays, but seldom can carry on the process of sound deduction. This, which would have often led him to conclusions exactly opposite to those which he has chosen to express, he suddenly abandons, and substitutes mere declamation instead. Paley never has this fault; he states his positions clearly, and pursues them through a guarded and strict series of deductions to their true and legitimate inferences. He never pushes his reasoning beyond its fair and just consequences. Paley is, therefore, the best model of the reasoning philosopher that the world has yet seen. It is not the artificial logic of a student of the *topica* of Aristotle: it is the produce of a mind well disciplined by Euclid, and applying to moral subjects the habits of mathematical investigation. Whoever wishes to attain the power of correct reasoning, should be familiar with the works of Dr. Paley.

⁵ The works of Isaiah abound with the richest treasures of a sublime genius. It is said that he was the favourite author of Mr. Wilkes. Dr. Lowth's interesting lectures first awak-

ened the public attention to the poetry of these compositions, and his intelligent translation perpetuated its impression.

⁶ It is an honourable feature of the present age, that a great anxiety pervades the public mind for the careful education of children. Many treatises have, of late years, appeared on the subject, and British mothers seem disposed to rival the Roman matrons in this great duty.

The Author cannot avoid recommending to parents, whose attainments and opportunities permit, to take upon themselves the pleasing task of conducting the education of their family.

It requires little else than that regularity which will soon become habit; that patience which affection will always make pleasant; that perseverance which every day will feel its own reward in the improvements it produces; and those exertions of common sense which every reflective mind will find easy and obvious. Little tasks steadily continued will neither weary the child nor its parent.

But the inestimable advantages of forming and directing the temper and habits of the child, are those which school education cannot produce in any degree equal to the vigilant discretion of the affectionate and prudent parent. The happiness of mankind depends much more on the cultivation of the heart than of the mind; and as this must slowly and gradually accrue, and as the little irregularities, which if immediately checked, would expire, cannot be watched with sufficient care at a public school; it is at home that the education of the heart may be most effectually promoted. To

accomplish this delightful object, judicious kindness is as necessary as judicious restraint.

And as to the education of the mind, if parents would only take the trouble to give up two hours every day, the most desirable improvements may be easily obtained. At school, a sprightly boy must remain at his desk during all the school hours, though he should learn his task in one-fourth of the time—of course, the rest he must idle, though he does it gravely and with his books before him. Children will have their minds sooner excited, and will learn every thing useful more quickly at home than elsewhere, if the parents avoid foolish or capricious fondness, and can depend upon themselves for *regularly* prosecuting a good plan. But the whole success will depend on the persevering regularity, the steady equanimity, and the affectionate firmness with which the system is carried on. It is in the diurnal perseverance and regularity that the difficulty as well as the utility consists. Much self-government and some personal sacrifices are certainly requisite: but they will have this recommendation, that they will benefit the parents as much as the children.

SECTION II.



THE INVOCATION.

WHAT dulcinëa shall my lays invite?
 Bards-errant need one by prescriptive right.
 Your hill, Pierides! I dare not climb,
 'To beg your blessing on my wayward rhyme!
 Full many a poet's eye to you has turn'd:
 Full oft the bosom for your smile has yearn'd.
 Yet what avails our flattery or our ire!
 Which heavenly Muse descends to breathe her fire?
 Ah! much I fear sweet Hippocrene is dry:
 Or jaded Pegasus too old to fly.
 Too sure, Parnassus, like a highland rock,
 With mists, not laurels, would the traveller shock:

Why then solicit maids so deaf or coy,
 Who neither blank verse, prose, nor rhyme enjoy?
 Far rather thy less valued hints dispense,
 Best muse of life, neglected Common Sense!
 In all my paths, oh! let thy star appear;
 My guardian genius! and my progress cheer.
 Led by thy beam no prejudice confounds;
 No false ambition in the heart abounds:
 We learn to hail the venerated walls
 Where reason prostrate to its author falls.
 Thy light conducts us to the moral code;
 And science triumphs most in thy abode.
 If thou abandon the presumptuous mind,
 A thousand meteors rise and judgment blind.
 From nature's God we turn our clouded sight,
 And welcome in the grave eternal night.

A WALK IN THE CITY.

BEHOLD the ceaseless floods of human kind,
 Which thro' imperial towns, all-hurrying, wind!

Still moves the thinking torrent, and still seems
 Exhaustless, till the stars diffuse their beams.
 There rush the anxious steps of pallid cares;
 Here vacant loungers rove, or fashion stares :
 Or conquering beauty trips with graceful play,
 And the heart's sinless smile endears the way;
 Or palsied age its trembling staff extends,
 While sportive childhood meets a thousand friends.

What hopes, what schemes, what passions and
 what fear!

How oft events the generous bosom sear !
 At first the parent hand directs our course ;
 Then sterner tutors letter'd tasks enforce.
 But when their salutary reign we lose,
 Self-confident, we tread what paths we choose.
 Our reason, varying as our features, yields
 To passion or to chance. It seldom shields.
 Hence different idols different minds adore ;
 But keep remote from wisdom's sacred shore.

Too prone to follow passion's glaring lights,
We credit every folly that invites.

THE GENERAL PURSUIT.

OF all the visions which mankind entrance,
The realms of wealth attract our earliest glance.
In youth, in age, in sickness, health and grief,
From Plutus every eye implores relief.
Each heart his temple, he can always claim,
From idolizing man, his ancient fame.

Nor is the golden mean the general prayer,
Where life's best comforts, least alloyed, repair.
For wealth, while toil can gather, fraud devise,
For wealth on wealth, the wish incessant flies.

Hail, mighty lord of reason and of man!
To whom all nations form one ardent clan!
Now lavish beyond hope; and now demure,
Thy partial gifts their steadfast faith secure.

From youth's full ripen'd bloom to wither'd age,
 We in thy varied services engage.
 No toil, no crime, no danger can deter;
 For thee, tho' millions perish, millions stir.

THE BENEFITS OF COMMERCIAL INDUSTRY.

TRADE is no foe to virtue or to ease,
 If probity attend its favouring breeze.
 Trade is the friend of knowledge and of man,
 When virtue rules while reason shapes the plan.
 What needs our species most? consult our towns;
 Life unemployed with vice or languor frowns.
 Our honest industry these fiends affrights,
 Our leisure is the temple of their rites.
 They hover round us in the vacant hour;
 That fatal season multiplies their power.
 What thousands every year become their prey!
 When indolent, we feel the tempter's sway.
 Trade's humbler spheres present that gentle toil,
 Which cheers with innocence time's daily spoil.

Nations without it are marauding brutes,
 Ruffians of war! avengers of disputes!
 Or savage vassals of some bickering chief,
 Clouding society with constant grief.
 Trade tries our honesty and gives it birth;
 Its petty labours nurture patient worth:
 'Tis like the rains of heav'n, a general source
 Of food and comfort thro' our earthly course.

Its useful tendencies might saints persuade
 To leave the flinty couch for towns and trade.
 What wing'd the ships of Tyre to every shore,
 With arts and letters, but their barter'd store?
 What wafts our mental wealth to Asia's clime,
 And charters hope to muse on brooding time?
 What tends to make one family of man,
 Exchanging blessings, like trade's upright plan?
 See, how our British capitals expand
 The sails of commerce to earth's farthest land!
 See, how like floating bridges, they unite
 Nootka's dun salvage with the happier white.

By them assisted, knowledge yet may soar
 To Cooke's wild tomb and Oberea's shore.
 No more to Europe's favoured coast confin'd;
 But soon to reign wherever breathes a mind.
 And yet the pilgrim, in mysterious bands,
 Might still have slumber'd on th' Egyptian sands;
 If commerce her rich flags had not unfurl'd,
 And scatter'd busy mortals round the world¹.

How can humanity on Afric gaze
 Tearless, where millions like their cattle graze;
 Untaught the paths of mind, or use of life,
 Degrading nature by barbarian strife;
 Waking each morn to want, or mad excess;
 To sloth, to ignorance, folly, or distress;
 And not desire that knowledge and her train,
 Of freedom, arts and laws, should there remain?
 Yet never will these blissful guests adorn
 This long-abandon'd continent of scorn,
 Until her rich productions shall persuade
 Our merchant princes into constant trade;

Not trade of blood and death which fiends adore,
 But honest barter of superfluous store :
 And colonies of liberal, cultur'd mind ²,
 Which, where they settle, civilize mankind.

Then flourish, commerce! give to Britain's coast
 The proud renown which Tyre and Carthage boast.
 Teach us like them to settle distant shores;
 There make new marts and pour out all your stores:
 Then may some Cecrops to the social town
 From their fenc'd hills the warring tribes bring down.
 Their blood-stain'd spears for useful laws exchange,
 And their fierce youth in peaceful toils arrange.
 Then other seas may rising Britains boast,
 And arts and science shine on every coast ³.

ITS EVILS, AS IN AMERICA.

BUT if in trade, or any other sphere,
 The lust of wealth becomes our charioteer;

The bounds of healthful probity we spurn,
 And all the mists of selfishness return.
 The baser witcheries of vice destroy
 Our dignity, our merit, and our joy.
 The heart all touch and sympathy before,
 Is chill'd and harden'd like the marble floor.
 The active intellect in sordid chains
 Gloomy, must track one path, the path of gains.
 All knowledge, taste and beauty, will be weigh'd
 By the base scales of avaricious trade;
 Gold then becomes the wretched test of life,
 Sole dream of hope, sole object of our strife;
 Such suicidal lethargy of mind
 To mere Yahoos converts unblest mankind.
 Trade then becomes the hemlock of the heart,
 And all the hopes of intellect depart.
 Thy sons, America! these features wear;
 And Europe's pity must submit to share 4.

THE MAGIC OF WEALTH.

'Tis true, in this mixed world, want's dismal strife
 Precludes the joys which gem the path of life:
 That riches are the magic keys which ope
 The fairy gardens of enraptur'd hope.

Possess'd of these, like eastern genii, you
 May boast a talisman, all potent too.

Speak, son of wealth!—Lo! India wings her stores,
 And every realm its varied produce pours.

He wills,—unnumbered servants night and day
 Toil, their luxurious master to obey;

For him the arts their sacred offspring nurse;

For him the muses chant immortal verse.

Fame, fashion, science, grace his festive walls;

And every day new blossom'd pleasure falls.

ITS USES.

How sad th' abode which property has fled,
 Where the sick husband droops his aching head;

While the unconscious babes their mother's knee
 Crying, surround; for bread their eager plea!
 They wait awhile—again, they fretful chide,
 And beat her hand, and wonder they're denied.
 She clasps th' impatient children to her breast;
 She kisses them, she soothes with groans suppress.
 She looks around—no sustenance is nigh;
 To heav'n she lifts the dim, imploring eye.
 No sigh escapes. The partner of her heart
 At that unnerving sound would, madd'ning, start.
 She wears a smile so forc'd, it almost frowns,
 Till her oppressing toil their wishes crowns.
 Such scenes of penury and pining woe
 Give dignity and use to wealth below.

The varying worth and tempers of mankind,
 Th' untam'd and ever fluctuating mind,
 Imperfect morals, and blind hurrying will,
 Forbid the streams of fortune to be still:
 E'en when she spreads a gentle, peaceful lake,
 Some urgent passion will an outlet make.

And while 'gainst fickle fortune we exclaim,
We cause the instability we blame ⁵.

But heav'n created for the human heart
One beauteous flower, to bloom in every part,
Sweet pity, with the dew-drop always bright,
And ever trembling in misfortune's sight.
Where misery sighs, the angel plant wide spreads
Her lovely blossoms, and their treasures sheds.
Her presence cheers the secret mourner's gloom,
And Care's wan cheek resumes its long-lost bloom.
She lulls the fiends of pride and wrath to rest,
And bids the gentle feelings warm the breast:
Her influence awes the fierce and selfish mind,
And men see brethren in all human-kind.
When wealth obeys her impulse, and delights
To soothe the pangs which poverty excites,
Wealth then is virtue's handmaid, and its shrine;
And lifts the soul to dignity divine.
The female bosom where the graces roam
Is pity's native and most cherish'd home.

There with the virtues she delights to dwell,
And from man's surlier brow a smile compel.

NOTES.

¹ The history of the Phenicians is the most curious part of antiquity, but is, unfortunately, that portion with which we are the least acquainted. From the few occasional gleams which are scattered through the works of the ancients concerning them, we can collect, that they spread their colonies over the sea coasts both of Africa and Europe. They and the Egyptians in some measure peopled and certainly civilized Greece, the adjacent islands, and some parts of the contiguous territory. But their object in these undertakings was always trade. This led them to Greece, to Spain, and to the British isles; so that commerce has really been the great civilizer of the world. The fullest picture of their commercial eminence which antiquity has left us, is that of Ezekiel, in his 27th chapter.

² No circumstance will impress a more lofty character on the present age than its abolition of the slave trade; and it is one of the most interesting recollections of Mr. Pitt's character, that his impressive eloquence was so warmly exerted to procure it. Africa is now fully intitled to our philanthropic attention, as we have done so much to injure her. Some passages of Mr. Pitt's speech on this subject deserve to be cited. "The truth is, that we have stopped the natural

progress of civilization there—we have cut off Africa from the opportunity of improvement—we kept down that continent in a state of darkness, bondage, ignorance, and blood. What do you yet know of its internal state? You have carried on a trade to that quarter of the globe from this civilized and enlightened country; but such a trade, that, instead of diffusing either knowledge or wealth, it has been the check to every laudable pursuit. Instead of any fair interchange of commodities—instead of conveying to them from this highly-favoured land any means of improvement, you carry with you that noxious plant by which every thing is withered and blasted; under whose shade nothing that is useful or profitable to Africa will ever flourish or take root. Long as that continent has been known to navigators, the extreme line and boundaries of its coasts is all with which Europe is yet become acquainted; while other countries, in the same parallel of latitude, through a happier system of intercourse, have reaped the blessings of a mutually beneficial commerce.”—Mr. Pitt’s prospective view of the future improvements of Africa was also well drawn. “We may live to behold the natives of Africa engaged in the calm occupations of industry, in the pursuits of a just and legitimate commerce. We may behold the beams of science and philosophy breaking in upon their land, which at some happy period, in still later times, may blaze with full lustre; and joining their influence to that of pure religion, may illuminate and invigorate the most distant extremities of that immense continent. Then may we hope that even Africa, though last of all the quarters of the globe, shall enjoy at length, in the evening of her days, those bless-

ings which have descended so plentifully upon us in a much earlier period of the world. Then also will Europe, participating in her improvement and prosperity, receive an ample recompense for the tardy kindness of no longer hindering that continent from extricating herself out of the darkness, which, in other more fortunate regions, has been so much more speedily dispelled. The great and happy change to be expected in the state of her inhabitants is, of all the various and important benefits of the abolition, in my estimation, incomparably the most extensive and important."

Mr. Pitt's Speeches, vol. ii. p. 20, 71, 82.

We add with pleasure the following proof that an honourable and useful commerce with Africa is already begun. "The premium of a piece of plate valued at fifty guineas, proposed by the African institution, for the greatest quantity of cotton, the growth of the west coast of Africa, imported into this country, has been adjudged to Messrs. J. and A. Anderson, of Philpot-lane. The quantity imported by them was upwards of 10,000 pounds weight, and it sold for two shillings and eight-pence a pound. This is not the only benefit we are likely to derive from an increased attention to Africa."

Observer, 9th April, 1809.

³ In contemplating the present state of Africa, we cannot avoid wishing that the ancient spirit of colonization was, under judicious guidance, to arise in our own island. The Greeks diffused themselves over Italy, and became the parents of the Roman nations. The Carthaginians frequently sent off a part of their superfluous population to colonize Spain and the west coast of Africa. The Periplus of Hanno still re-

maining, contains the account of one of their voyages for this purpose. Our West India islands have been peopled by the colonizing spirit of a few adventurers; and as a proof how few may begin an important settlement, we may recollect, that our establishment at Barbadoes was commenced by a colony of only thirty adventurers. The successful attempt at Sierra Leone will, it is hoped, be followed by others; and then English caravans may be seen penetrating into the wealthy regions of the interior of Africa. If a caravan can reach Tombuctoo from Morocco, though it had to traverse the dreadful desert of Sahara, we may presume that Englishmen may, at length, arrive at this celebrated city by the course of the Niger. The hostility of some of the Moorish tribes may interpose a while, an obstacle from which our modest and lamented Park appears to have suffered. But a *gradual* system of persevering trade will accomplish the desired end. If we once accustom the natives in the vicinity of our stations to feel the beneficial consequences of regular traffic, the more distant tribes will become desirous to partake of its advantage, and thus our welcomed intercourse will progressively extend. A regular habit of commercial intercourse will become established; and then, but not till then, the civilization of Africa will rapidly advance. Our island was once as barbarous as Africa is now, and it will be a source of everlasting fame to us if our exertions will enable Africa to become what we are. Hear Mr. Pitt's admirable sentiments on this subject. "We have long since emerged from barbarism—we have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians. We are now raised to a situation which exhibits a

striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterized us, and by which we now characterize Africa. We were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understanding, as these unhappy Africans are at present. But in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and for a time almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favoured above measure in the gifts of Providence, unrivalled in commerce, pre-eminent in arts, foremost in the pursuits of philosophy and science, and established in all the blessings of civil society. But had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of our senators apply to Africa, ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism. And we, who are now enjoying the blessings of British civilization, of British laws, and British liberty, might at this hour have been little superior, either in morals, knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea."

Mr. Pitt's Speech, p. 81.

⁴ All the authentic accounts of the American society unite to prove, that it is yet at a great distance from that state of intellectual and moral cultivation which Great Britain has attained; and it is not illiberal to notice its imperfections, because, when a rising nation is informed of these by the criticism of its neighbours, it will more sedulously struggle to remove them. It may be therefore mentioned, without any evil feeling, that America as yet has very few philosophers, gentlemen, poets, artists, or statesmen. Their politics seem bitter party feelings toward other nations, as

well as toward each other. Their oratory is chiefly violent and abusive declamation. They have warm and active minds and great capability, but their talents are very ill-educated—they have the big phrases of honour without the sentiment: they can dispute on ethics, but they do not display a correct and steady sense of moral principle. Their religion is also loose and vague, or narrow-minded and superstitious. They are vain, irritable, and haughty, instead of being reasonable, liberal, just, and magnanimous. They have no refinement of taste, and not sufficient temper and steadiness for accurate judgment. They have no real love for the arts or literature, and therefore these delights of civilized society exist in America in a very languid and unprotected state.

This is, however, rather what America is than what she will become. That she may produce the greatest characters she has shewn in her Washington, whose merit appears every day to have been greater the more we compare him with other men. The nature of the American population is the cause of her present imperfections. She has hitherto been the asylum of the least prosperous, the most discontented, and the most uncultivated part of the European population. Promiscuous emigrations from all parts, and of all ages and conditions; of the poor, the speculative, the changeable, and the dissatisfied, having rapidly poured into her vast regions; the chaotic and discordant mixture has not yet had time to settle into a fixed, a dignified, and an improveable national character.

Time and reason, with the aid of Christianity, well understood, and liberally and morally practised, will, at last,

produce this desirable blessing. Her best policy will be to cultivate and encourage literature, and the arts and sciences, and to keep her manners steady to the great duties of morality, with an enlightened and enlarged study of the Christian system and its evidences. On this last point of national improvement, the works of Dr. Paley, Dr. Jortin, Dr. Blair, and the present Bishop of London, amid many that might be mentioned, ought to be her favourite authors. The education of her youth must also have a moral and an intellectual as well as a commercial direction. It is fair to add of America, that her progress hitherto has been wonderful. May her future advances be as rapid, and may the Ohio, the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the Potowmack, be soon adorned with a population as cultivated and improving as the Thames or the Seine!

⁵ Among the evils of life it has been mentioned, that many worthy parents have large families with narrow circumstances, while less deserving persons are flourishing and without incumbrance. But the enlightened mind will always satisfactorily recollect on this subject, that the general improvement of the human race is the prevailing object of the divine economy of human life. It is therefore wise that those persons should have large families, who, in all probability, will educate them well; and the experience of ages has shewn, that the intellectual and moral character is most commonly better formed under the pressure of straightened circumstances than in abundant prosperity. The strong arm of necessity often supplies the want of firmness and judgment in the parent, and keeps away those indulgences by which so

many young minds are ruined : and life abounds with daily instances which prove, that every worldly success is attainable by those who start from the lowest condition, if they have active minds and firm undeviating moral habits.

There is another important reason why worthy parents should have large families although not rich. The virtues of the parents occasion the children to be on the whole well educated either in mind or temper. Most parents can take care of the formation of the childrens moral temper; and as to their minds, nothing more is required in truth than to teach them to read, and to encourage them to the habit of reading; because, as the English language now contains all literature and all science, whoever can read English has the whole circle of knowledge within his reach. The children of the less affluent may be therefore well educated by their parents; but it is probable that these children will be at first pressed by their want of means into the subordinate departments of life. This occurrence is of inestimable advantage to society, because the inferior situations of life are thereby well filled, and society in its lower degrees becomes exceedingly improved. This is of vast consequence, not only because the children of the better circles inevitably are for many years under the influence and management of servants, but also because the lower situations of human society, in their various classes, comprise the immense majority of the human population. Their improvement and welfare, as far as it can be advanced, must, therefore, always be a favourite object of the Supreme Ruler of the world.

⁶ This is the uniform experience of mankind in civiliz-

ed life—the adventurous traveller, Ledyard, assured us of the same truth in uncivilized society, when he declared, that although his treatment from men was often harsh and hard-hearted, yet, that in no part of the world did he ever address a female in decent and friendly language without receiving a kind and friendly answer.

SECTION III.



SOME MODES OF ACQUIRING WEALTH.

SOME tread the world with arrogance, and seize
The hard-earn'd harvests of another's ease :

Some yield their hearts to cruelty and fraud,
And prosper, but as misery spreads abroad.

How anxious most the generous blush to lose
Their candid feelings, and their modest views!

Some in gay, borrow'd chariots, proudly flame,
And baiting seeming wealth, its substance claim.

And quacks, with eyes of Lynx and nerves of brass,
Rich, self-cried wonders, through the city pass ¹.

In transient state by credulous sufferers fed,
What numbers revel on another's bread!

While men will trust, they live in costly strain,
Then break, on rival dupes to thrive again.

Thus, knaves oft triumph with life's gayest prize,
 While toiling honesty, heart-broken, dies.
 And do not some assure the plunder'd heir,
 Their office can "accommodate" his care?
 Nay, lest a prudent spouse should cramp his bride,
 That "ladies are with secrecy supplied."
 But can we blame these individual schemes,
 When ev'n the public has its gaming dreams?
 When lotteries every month our hopes engage;
 Drain the domestic purse, our avarice gauge,
 And feed the bankrupt's speculative rage.
 Once to the shop confin'd, from boast half-shamed,
 The tempter's hand-bills privately proclaim'd,
 That "all the gold which in the window lies
 Will, without risk, from a few shillings rise."
 Now bolder grown, on coaches, waggons, carts,
 At every hour they rouse our sordid hearts.
 In every shape which cunning can devise,
 The licensed mischief glares before our eyes.
 So that should prudence whisper, "Be discreet,"
 Renewed temptations urge in every street².

Strange are the ways thro' which inventive man
 Strives to pursue his gold-acquiring plan.
 Some thro' the public news undaunted court
 For wives, with fortune, to the town's disport :
 Careless how fitted for the sweetest end
 Of mortal life, if Plutus be the friend.
 Some dare to ask protection from the rich,
 If with a face sufficient to bewitch³.
 Some feed corruption by the shameless tale;
 Or vice by loathsome poetry regale⁴.
 Or taint the careless mind, in youth's first scene
 Just blushing into life, with prints obscene.

OTHER FASHIONABLE SOURCES.

SEE, in the world, in this all-polish'd day,
 How genius toils, the Proteus, for the gay!
 As if the Persian heralds still proclaim'd
 Wealth to the man who some new pleasure fram'd;

The streams of British gold all minds excite,
In the same catering task to urge their flight.

Hence, fancy labours with fantastic art,
And new creations into being start.
Mechanic harlequins our mansions haunt,
And all our comforts in new fashions flaunt;
Our restless chairs for ever change their shape;
Our sturdier tables from our rooms escape.
Our walls, grates, windows, all the spell obey;
And novelty and whim maintain their sway.

From every moon fresh inspiration flies;
And tractors, banks, balloons, and nostrums rise.
Phantasmagorias scare the shrinking eye⁵,
And mobs of groaning ghosts thro' novels fly.
What scores of ladies blot the love-sick page!
What murd'ers stab! what guilt-struck madmen rage!
Lo! every school-girl architect can build,
Lone, haunted towers, in ghostly science skill'd!

And such the harvests reap'd from shrieking owls,
 From hollow moans, from figures wrapt in cowl;
 From aisles and ruins where the blue flame roves,
 From rooms deserted, dungeons, palls, and groves;
 That ev'n philosophers our reason bless,
 With these night-flitting phantoms of the press⁶!

What plots! what labours! what fantastic means!
 By which impatient man his treasure gleans!
 Hence some pursue a trade of dull debate,
 And prose at wrangling clubs to save the state.
 Have all forgot how British genius soar'd,
 When Bull the bill-sticker his thunders roar'd;
 While his fierce friend affecting candour's tones,
 With bitterest rage in gentle accents moans⁷?
 Hence, chymic fluids to new-face the skin;
 Balsamic soap to soothe the angry chin;
 Hence courteous violets exude their cream,
 Lest dust should sully or the solar beam.
 Hence star-taught dames prognosticate on life;
 Clothes without seams, and operatic strife.

Hence well-guilt pageants march for bankrupt
wit,

And music, shrining nonsense, charms the pit.

Hence plays half farce, half pantomime appear,

And Mother Goose comes hobbling in the rear ⁸.

Nay, such the streams from epicures that roll,

Sauce-makers quarrel which th' invention stole.

The student may consume his midnight oil,
Nature's dark fabric to explore, like Boyle;
Or teach the epic amaranth to bloom,
Or weave the gayer flowers of fancy's loom;
Or build, from mould'ring monuments, sublime,
The mausoleum of historic time;
May till the morning star, half purblind, pore
Thro' the long labyrinths of ancient lore:
He may dissect the sophisms of the schools,
To arm his mind with truth-conducting rules:
But fortune's golden mines abound not here,
Tho' fame's seductive melodies may cheer.

Far rather let him study fashion's toys,
 Neat on the pointed toe the body poise⁹;
 The happy voice with roving cadence trill¹⁰;
 Strike with chromatic trick the tuneful quill:
 Torture his voice and mimic pug's sweet smiles,
 Squeak, bounce, grin, caper till applause beguiles;
 Or stare, or start, or stalk, or swell, or shriek,
 Till the rent air a raptur'd audience speak¹¹:
 Give some old nurse's stuff a Grecian name;
 Great authors by vile forgeries defame¹²;
 Teach dogs across the floated stage to swim¹³;
 Rouse idiot wonder by some novel whim;
 Get lords to act buffoons for public view¹⁴,
 Do any thing surprising bold and new;
 Then every day his banker will attest
 His growing worth in the replenish'd chest.

Are these the works of man, whose knowledge tow'rs
 Thro' time resplendent with its godlike powers?
 Who rules his destin'd sphere with conquering might,
 Monopolist of science, arts and right?

Who leaps the world of sense, and dares explore
 Yon suns of night, and to their author soar?
 Does lie this rich, high-cultured mind unfold
 To catch from luxury its dropping gold?

HAPPINESS NOT CONFINED TO WEALTH.

WHY should we be the slaves of pining care?
 Danæ's showers reward not every prayer.
 Why to capricious fortune should we bend,
 Whose smiles uncertain, oft unblest'd, descend?
 Why should we traverse her perplexing roads,
 As if they only led to blest abodes?
 Know, as an Iliad if by Ammon plac'd,
 Within the Persian casket richly grac'd;
 Or if but cloth'd in parchments frugal guard,
 Is still the Iliad of the Chian bard:
 So happiness, the fairy of the mind,
 Has never been to pomp or pride confin'd;
 She loves to roam, the universal sprite,
 And every spot receives her cheering light.

Within the negroes straw-capp'd hut she laughs;
 And with 'Taheite's groups the Ava quaffs.
 She sends the coarse joke round the peasant's cot;
 She bids the slave to dance, his tasks forgot;
 She, musing, walks the academic groves;
 And e'en with modest Park the Niger roves:
 She leads the moth-wing'd fancies of the Muse;
 Sports in her rhimes, and gilds her radiant views.
 Wealth may the elf with richer gems surround;
 But oft the pomp without the bliss is found.

MODERATE PURSUIT OF IT THE HAPPIEST.

THE Muse nor counsels indolence, nor chides
 When youth desires to sail on fortune's tides.
 That man should toil; that gain should be his meed,
 In varying streams, by nature is decreed.
 To few, she gives the privilege of ease:
 To all, the chance to reach wealth's mystic keys.

If the coin'd ore she makes the wond'rous spell,
That brings life's comforts to our humble dell;
Let us with moderate hopes, and temper bland,
Pursue the toil of health her wants command.
That best physician of our earthly globe,
Wise Industry, gives health's enchanted robe :
It weeds insidious vices from our hearts;
The soul acquires new vigour in its marts :
Its culture animates the sluggish sense,
And pours around the stores of competence.
Yet let us shun all low degrading means,
By which, too eager Vice its harvest gleans;
Let us not kindle with unhallowed fire,
As the base fiends of avarice inspire.
For labours useful to the social world,
Be the gay sail-yards of our bark unfurl'd,
But let the golden mean and virtuous toil
Bound all our wishes free from wild turmoil ;
Then shall we gain life's best, but rarest balm,
Content, by temperance nursed and heav'nly calm.

PHILANTHROPIC EMPLOYMENTS.

BE then industrious in some useful art ;
If born to wealth, still choose an active part ;
Let not voluptuous indolence consume
The strength of manhood or youth's lovely bloom ;
If rich with leisure, let your soaring mind
Delight to meliorate your suffering kind ;
The groans of poverty diseased allay ;
E'en to the guilty mind some balm convey.
Wheree'er you live your neighbourhood improve,
And from the untaught mind its night remove ;
Teach probity to keep its steadfast way,
And spread around religion's blissful ray.
What boon can you devise to give the poor,
Like her sweet hopes, which aid us to endure ?
Kindly the little schools around pervade ;
Reward desert: the poor instructor aid ;

Nor knowledge only urge; your bounteous hand
 The buds of infant virtue may expand.
 The truth confess'd, tho' punishment impend,
 Th' exerted kindness to a needy friend:
 The sabbath spent at church, and harmless mirth,
 And every token of mild honest worth.
 These features may your little gifts educe,
 And thus an upright peasantry produce:
 The parents doom'd to labour all the day,
 What education can their skill convey?
 Their race however nurs'd, however dear,
 They must commit to accident to rear;
 Their children, like the harvest of the fields,
 They leave to be what casual habit yields.
 Here then, each noble, philanthropic mind,
 Become the guardian angel of mankind!
 Fulfil the wish of Providence, and save
 Your humble brethren from their moral grave ¹⁵.

NOTES.

¹ We do not presume to decide who are quacks and who are not so; but we may remark, that the composition and sale of medicines appear to be among the most profitable manufactures of British industry. If they were as successful as they are numerous, disease ought to have vanished from mankind, as there is no complaint which has not a new specific remedy that has never failed. Unfortunately, mankind are suffering under their maladies as much as before, though surrounded with all these certain remedies; and the only difference seems to be, that the gentlemen who take so much trouble to provide the means of curing every disease, rise rapidly to affluence. We know the handsome incomes that have been derived from vegetable balsams and vegetable syrups, from antibilious pills, antileptic pills, solar tinctures, nervous cordials, worm lozenges, and such like.

How abundantly propitious the balm of Gilead has been to Dr. Solomon we may infer, from remarking, that in Mr. Britton's Beauties of England and Wales, among the seats of our nobility and gentry we have "Gilead House, seat of Dr. Solomon." But while some gentlemen are so prosperous in this peculiar path of life, others are less fortunate. The late Dr. Graham having amused all ranks with his celestial bed, attempted to edify them by standing naked up to his

chin in the ground as an earth bath. This not recommending him sufficiently, he gave lectures on the efficacy and economy of wearing a waistcoat made of new cut turf, which we heard him declare would support life and strength without the expence of victuals for a week or two, if occasionally changed.

He acquired the notoriety he wished, but not the fortune; probably if he had vended a new named medicine he would have done better.

² The increased activity of lottery offices may be properly objected to: every means which can solicit the senses are put hourly in practice: this is wrong; our tendencies to imprudence need no provocatives.

³ The peace of many families has, to our knowledge, been ruined by the advertisements of shameless women soliciting loans of money from gentlemen, to whom it is avowed that the gratitude of the borrower will be unbounded. The virtue of many depends on the fortunate want of opportunity to do wrong. These abominable invitations present the secrecy which silences the apprehensions of disgrace, and preclude the useful ceremony of decorum, which is so often a barrier to vice. We fear the only constitutional remedy rests in the moral sense of the newspaper proprietor, who ought to consider himself as conscientiously responsible for all advertisements which he inserts that have a flagitious tendency.

⁴ The habit of writing loose novels and poetry has, in our times, been attempted to be revived. The good sense and virtue of the British public have happily made the base and insidious practice discreditable and unprofitable. On

this subject we consider the British nation to have the highest obligations to Mr. Jeffery. When a volume of indecent poetry was published, for which a bookseller was found to give six or seven hundred pounds, it was beginning to have a sale before its tendency was fully known; the *Edinburgh Review*, with a spirit of correct taste and admirable moral feelings, indignantly attacked it. The public bowed to the timely admonition. The sale was not only checked, but many of the purchasers returned their copies to the bookseller.

⁵ The optical delusions which constituted the phantasmagoria of M. Philipstahl, were good commentaries on the *Armenian* of Schiller, and on the alledged machinations of the German illuminati. They explained the means by which the impostors on the continent induced so many to believe that they held converse with the invisible world, and could summon the graves to give up their dead. The late king of Prussia was a believer in these new Eleusinian mysteries. The singular organization which the mysterious societies on the continent were receiving may be seen in the *Abbé Barruel's* fourth volume, and in the publications of Bryant and others on the *Avignon Society*, of which a good account is given in *Espriella's Letters from England*, vol. iii.

⁶ Mr. Walker and Mr. Lathom are conspicuous among a crowd of ghost-making gentlemen and ladies, and to Mr. Walker we certainly give the praise of much talent in these compositions. The author of *Edgar Huntley* has also shewn some ability in the mysterious and extravagant. The late Mr. Holcroft, in his anatomical room in *Hugh Trevor*, emulated supernatural terrors as far as stern philosophy could do so without blushing.

Mr. Godwin, in his *St. Leon*, opened to us a new path to the sublime of romance, by giving us a human being who had the power of making himself immortal. Another writer attempted new sublimity in morals, by founding his romance on an incestuous intercourse. What unexplored sources of terror and pity the next generation will dig out for us it is difficult to conceive. The Germans left very little to do in the extravagant, and that little we have already exhausted.

⁷ In London there are many people who want to get rid of their time, as well as others who desire money. Among the means provided for the employment of idle hours are debating societies, which seem of late to be multiplying, even under the obstacle of double price. Two of the most distinguished speakers, many years ago, were those noticed in the text. We believe Mr. Bull is lately dead: his friend continues to enlighten the public. By long practice, a power of speaking long and fluently is attained, which passes for talent. These self-created orators are sometimes men who were formed for better pursuits, but whose habits make them float loose on society. The porter-pot is the solace and the ruin of the larger number.

⁸ Our stage has borrowed so liberally from this venerable companion of our nursery, that she ought, in future, to be placed as near to Shakspeare in our libraries, as she has been in our theatres. We first took her great hero, the terrific Bluebeard; and then as a contrast, her *Sleeping Beauty of the Wood*; and, we believe, that *Little Red Ridinghood* did not long escape. These were found to be so dramatic and so

productive, that violent hands were laid upon the old lady herself, and both she and her goose were dragged upon the stage, to the inexhaustible amusement of the British public of the nineteenth century. Garrick himself could not have been more attractive, for, it is said, that the pantomime of Mother Goose brought the managers ten thousand pounds. The only circumstance which embittered their pleasure was, the mutiny of the goose itself. The animal happened to be of the gigantic breed, and large enough to contain a little boy in its capacious maw. The theatrical Tom Thumb, or his friends, imputed the great success of the piece to the admirable acting of the goose itself, and therefore, after a few nights, had the temerity to claim an increase of salary. The manager took this in dudgeon, and put a new prompter into the goose's belly: but, alas! he could not flap her wings, nor bend her neck, nor open her mouth, nor walk to the side-scene, with half the dexterity of his approved predecessor. The refined taste of the audience perceived the difference, and clamoured for the return of their favourite goose. The manager bowed to their judgment. The first goose was re-instated in all his honours, and the piece ran on with increasing celebrity.

⁹ The Vestris, once so celebrated for his power of spinning round upon one leg, became afterwards a warrior, and distinguished himself in the French armies during the tyranny of the Convention. His son has now visited the Pactolus of the opera-house, and is supposed to outdo his father in his important art.

¹⁰ To recount the thousands gained by Catalani for her

singing during the two last seasons, would be to repeat a tale credible only from actual knowledge, if we did not recollect that, from the days of Shakspeare to our own times, all species of novelty have been liberally rewarded by the English nation. Yet reason cannot but suggest, that the merit of a happy voice ought not to be distinguished by such extravagant munificence.

¹¹ The interesting Letters of Espriella may be quoted on our theatres. "All are agreed, that the drama itself has woefully degenerated, though it is the only species of literary labour which is well paid. They are agreed also as to the cause of this degeneracy, attributing it to the prodigious size of the theatres. The finer tones of passion cannot be discriminated, nor the finer movements of the countenance perceived from the front, hardly from the middle of the house. Authors, therefore, substitute broad farce for genuine comedy; their jests are made intelligible by grimace, or by that sort of mechanical wit which can be seen. Comedy is made up of trick, and tragedy of processions, pageants, battles, and explosions. Vol. i. p. 188.

¹² The Pseudo-Shakspeare papers of Mr. Ireland form a curious addition to the history of literary forgeries: almost as singular was the publication of Mr. Chalmers' vindication of them. It was written to prove that they were the genuine productions of Shakspeare, and was nearly printed when the author confessed the fraud. Mr. Chalmers, however, disliked burning a literary child which had cost him some trouble, and, in despite of the confession, published his vindication!

¹³ Poor Carlo's docility in snatching the image of the

child out of the water, and the admiration of the audience at his exploit, will not be soon forgotten.

The drama in which he appeared was not a pantomime!

¹⁴ The nobleman who acted Scaramouch for the amusement of the public, is now dead; but if we recollect some late marriages, we cannot but see that there is a remarkable and reciprocal attraction between our modern nobility and the stage.

¹⁵ It has been much disputed whether the poor should be educated. Yet we think that every one who values the superior civilization and intellect of his country should befriend the education of all classes. To teach the poor to read, is to give them the power of improving and consoling themselves with the perusal of their Bible, and such books as fall within their reach. It enables them to take advantage of the opportunities which occur of raising their condition, and to fill with more propriety those advanced stations to which the incidents of life may casually lift them. Society is in a perpetual rotation; from the better classes many are always gliding down into the lowest, and from the lowest others are always ascending among their superiors in this country. It is therefore for the welfare of the whole that intellectual cultivation should be diffused as widely as possible.

Civilized man is always more orderly and more easily governed than the uncivilized: the more the mind is cultivated, the more it values the peaceful pursuits of life; it is less likely to be influenced by the demagogue or the fanatic. The most ignorant are always the most furious, the most un-

governable, and the most superstitious. The friends to the establishment should, therefore, patronise Sunday schools, and every plan for educating the poor: if they do not, others will do it, and obtain all the honour and the influence which follow, and which ought to follow from such useful conduct.

SECTION IV.



THE VISIONS OF YOUTH.

WHOE'ER thou art, young candidate for praise!
About to enter life's theatric frays;
Girded thy loins, thy taper burning bright;
To run with speed, where hope's sweet dreams invite:
To join the general chase of wealth and fame,
And stand in honour's roll the foremost name!
Ah! little knowest thou, how thy eager heart
Will bleed with numerous wounds thro' life's wide mart.
Its walks seem rosy, and its temples blaze;
Power, fortune, pleasure, dart a thousand rays.
The flattering idols court with smiling charms,
And seem approaching to our outstretch'd arms;

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But as we press to grasp, the visions fly,
And disappointment frowns with withering eye.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

OH, earthly bliss! thou Sisyphean dream!
How oft we vainly toil to catch thy beam!
Thy phantoms beckon, anxious we pursue,
Till sudden darkness clouds our cheated view.
Why ever coy, thou cherub of our hope?
Why from our panting bosoms thus elope?
For thee have poets sang, and sages thought,
And every age new roads, new schemes has wrought;
For thee have monarchs sigh'd, and heroes bled;
Yet thou, lov'd Houri! from their prayers hast fled.

As all my race, thy charms my soul beguile;
Give me the talisman that wins thy smile!
Oh! be thy radiance o'er my mansion shed!
That while the dreams of life, all mingling, wed

The scenes of passion, reason, strife, and pain,
 Thy angel presence may my peace sustain.

Vain wish! the moving world, its fleeting crowds,
 Mind ever restless, malady's pale shrouds,
 Forbid perennial peace, or constant joys:
 Change is the law of life, and bliss destroys.

A SEA VIEW, TAKEN FROM NATURE.

How beautiful the placid ocean gleams!
 So soft, so brilliant! quiet guides its streams.
 Its dimpling waves with gentle murmurs glide,
 And pleasure seems to sail on every tide.
 See as the scattering clouds new scenes disclose,
 With varying hues the moving mirror glows.
 New beauties charm, when in the western verge
 The throne of light seems pausing on the surge.
 What endless lines of rippled radiance stream!
 What rocks of gold! what glorious valleys beam!

With eyes delighted and expanding souls, [rolls.
 We hail the gorgeous scene, and thought sublimely

But while we court repose, in sudden gusts
 The rude wind struggling o'er th' horizon bursts.
 Then peace, delight, and beauty, trembling fly,
 And warring elements assault the sky.
 Where pleasure smiled, destruction hoarsely roars;
 The sea in ever-rolling mountains soars.
 Tost in the whirlwind, terror rages fierce,
 While shrieks of victims the wild tempest pierce.

VARIATIONS OF HUMAN LIFE, AND THEIR USE.

SUCH is our life, at times so mild, so gay,
 We think misfortune but a preacher's lay,
 So warm, so clear, our sunshine spreads around,
 We do not hear the rising tempest's sound.
 That we shall suffer seems a cynic's tale;
 What griefs, what evils can our peace assail?

Others may tremble at impending storms;
 But what can shake the pile our prudence forms?
 Sudden—our edifice of hope and pride
 Shakes to its centre, and its walls divide.
 What unseen sorrows round the bosom wind!
 No shield of adamant the heart can find.
 When misery calls her serpents to invade,
 Wealth showers in vain; ev'n sceptres cannot aid.
 The poor and great alike are helpless here,
 Grief and disease, nor pomp, nor want revere.
 They come uncalled, and fix their dismal sway,
 And stern, the Lord of all, alone obey.

Then let us banish all our boyish schemes
 Of peace unchequer'd, and such baby dreams;
 What Scipio, Plato, Socrates, and all
 Whom we the pride of ancient nature call;
 What they found life to be, let us expect
 Great toils, great raptures, hope for ever check'd;
 And many darling schemes, unpitied, wreck'd.

This course of fate which every age has wept,
 Let us with manly constancy accept.
 Life like our British climate frowns and smiles,
 Unsettled, not malignant in her wiles.
 Some wise and gracious order it obeys,
 Diffusing blessings round from every phase:
 And sacred is the lore that grief's dire clan
 Are the kind monitors of erring man ¹.

Then never let despair, when woes distress,
 With his alarms the weakened mind oppress.
 Listen to hope! and think her flattering lays
 The prophet-harbingers of brighter days.
 In life and nature many a threatening storm
 Has passed, and ushered in joy's fairest form.
 Ev'n as I write, the heavens before my cot
 Afford a lesson on our varying lot.

A SUMMER EVENING SKY.

IN dark, black masses roll'd, vast clouds o'erspread
The evening air; storm threatens, beauty's fled.
Still rise new columns, and divide to fly
In streams of gloom across the lurid sky.
How awful nature seems to frown around !
Shades, like approaching night, obscure the ground.
Yet as I gaze the gather'd mass breaks wide,
And loosen'd fleets of light-wing'd vapours glide.
Small spots of cheerful blue, like a soft vale
Amid surrounding rocks, the eye regale.
While in the west a golden range extends
In gentle ripples, as the sun descends.
The beauty spreads. New radiance bursts around;
And little isles, with glory edg'd, abound.
So oft the saddest scenes of mortal life
Change into bliss while yet we dread the strife.

Ill-fate's a wild creation of the brain,
 No cruel destinies our actions chain.
 We are the children of all-gracious power;
 His moral lesson is the chequer'd hour :
 With patience, lovely guest! oh, wait resign'd,
 Our blessings vary to improve our mind.
 But never throw away, tho' cowards shrink,
 The great prerogative to breathe and think.

THE PURPOSE OF LIFE.

OH, life! celestial blessing! lent mankind!
 Thou beauteous image of th' eternal mind!
 In thy short interval of fleeting time,
 What aims should we achieve! what tasks sublime!
 Weak, puling, helpless, ignorant babes, we first
 Thro' nature's precincts to existence burst.
 Of morals, science, thought, and goodness void;
 As useless as the reptiles we deride.

In life's short interval we have to rise
 From nameless flesh to beings just and wise ;
 Our insignificance of birth to cure ;
 And virtue, knowledge, sentiment mature.
 Thus moulding sensual matter into mind,
 We die, the benefactors of mankind.

Think not, O man, the annual gifts of earth
 Wave in our fields to feed voluptuous mirth ;
 But while the stores contribute to repair
 Our fragile bodies with salubrious care,
 Let the pure mind spread wide her boldest wing,
 And eagle-eyed, soar to perfection's spring.
 What fields appear of knowledge and of truth !
 To range them all needs everlasting youth.
 Can man then want amusement or employ ?
 Or can existence be a worthless toy ?

To rear the new-born soul, to watch its growth,
 To rouse the lethargy of moral sloth ;

To guide the will by wisdom's sacred plan,
 To train the infant to the cultur'd man;
 To roam thro' nature's ever varying maze,
 And on the source of truth adoring gaze;
 The stores of knowledge to th' unlearn'd impart,
 To place the gems of virtue in the heart;
 To raise new harvests from the cultur'd mind,
 By study ripen'd and by taste refin'd:
 In these amusive duties life assumes
 A godlike port; a grace that ever blooms¹.

ON SUICIDE.

AND yet what numbers seek the awful tomb,
 Self-hurled, self-blasted, to death's mournful gloom!
 Each week what rebel souls blaspheming fly
 From life's high trust, and its great Lord defy!
 Since last the sabbath's sacred morn appear'd,
 Thrice has the suicidal hand been rear'd².

And not by ghastly want, or moaning pain,
 No natural evils form'd the galling chain.
 Man never courts his shroud for any woe
 Which his Creator scatters here below.
 Unblest ambition and luxurious pride,
 Or wounded vanity with these allied;
 Were the false fiends that urg'd the madd'ning mind,
 To be the scorn and horror of mankind.

Oh, Britain! whose gay shores the gayest please,
 Dear land of liberty, health, wealth, and ease!
 Whose children fraught with honour's liberal views,
 Fulfil the noblest wishes of the muse;
 Active and happy! so renown'd in fame
 For every generous, brave, and manly aim:
 Where every class to mental wealth aspires,
 And every bosom feels the patriot's fires;
 Where beauty in good nature's dimples gay,
 With smiling virtue cheers life's weariest day;
 Why do these impious deaths so oft disgrace
 The reason and the manhood of thy race?

Sully not thus thy envied, hard-earn'd fame;
Nor let thy freedom wear this dastard's shame!

THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY.

DEAR Liberty! thou first, last wish of man!
Since thought existed, or desire began.
Earliest idea of the opening mind!
Instinctive sentiment of souls refin'd!
Still let the virtues harbour in thy shade,
Without them, all thy glorious laurels fade;
Without them, all thy energies but seem
A demon's mockery, or a madman's dream.

No spurious honour, no commercial plan,
Propels such ardent courage thro' the man
As Liberty excites. Her voice, her smile,
To fields of war, can ev'n the wise beguile.
When death in thunders bids his weapons fly,
Men bless the wound, and fall without a sigh.

The grave no more its awful gloom retains,
 If her endanger'd banners shade the plains.
 Enthusiast man with new-born ardour glows,
 And hosts run wild with glory to repose.
 Oh, sacred principle! whose beams mature
 Deeds so sublime, and energy so pure.

Long has her spirit made our favour'd isle
 With valour, reason, arts, and virtue smile.
 In ancient days, far richer than the fleece,
 She charmed the regions of immortal Greece.
 Alas, how fall'n! where now the Attic fire?
 The Spartan firmness, and Ionia's lyre?
 Dumb is that eloquence whose wond'rous flow,
 High-cultur'd Athens! awed thy tyrant foe.
 Fall'n are thy warriors! fall'n thy pride of name!
 Fall'n is thy freedom, and with that thy fame!

No more in marble breathes the sculptur'd life;
 No wizard artist paints the patriot strife;

No Homer chants the battle's proud array ;
 No patriot heroes emulate the lay :
 No sages moralize thy youthful hearts ;
 No genius from thy tomb, reviving, starts.
 In slavish ignorance thy myriads trail,
 Hear of their sires and wonder at the tale :
 Bask in the sun that warms their blood in vain,
 Or crouch in fear before the turban'd train.
 Oh ! till again thy sun of freedom rise,
 And independence call to high emprise ;
 No more thy children will awake the lyre,
 Nor teach the world again to rival and admire.

EVILS OF ANARCHY AND LICENTIOUSNESS.

BUT not that liberty my song acclaims,
 Which comes with murd'rous arm and ruthless flames ;
 Not that licentious demon of misrule,
 The anarch's idol, but the tyrant's tool ;

Which deluged France with social blood and tears,
 And o'er the world ambition's despot rears.
 Call not this heartless spectre by the name,
 Most dear to man, most sacred to his fame ;
 To be as free as nature first made man,
 When wild in woods the noble salvage ran,
 Is to become the rival of the brute,
 Who roams the desert, lord without dispute.
 True freedom loves with virtue to combine,
 And venerates religion's hallow'd shrine :
 She plants the generous feelings in the breast ;
 And mercy lives her consecrated guest.
 Each talent of the soul, with mightier powers,
 By her inspired to genuine greatness towers.
 She makes the chart of honour life's bright plan,
 And all the social virtues grace the man.

Surely if from this earth she has not flown,
 Britain may boast her ancient, noblest throne.
 To social order wedded here she dwells,
 And every heart with govern'd ardour swells.

Long taught to cherish her unstain'd delights,
 We hold our duties sacred as our rights.
 Proud to obey th' impartial laws we boast,
 Freedom and loyalty protect our coast:
 Our comforts blighted by no tyrant's frown,
 A generous zeal supports the patriot crown.
 Hence tho' war's furious lord the world enchains,
 And slaughter strides thro' Europe's sadden'd plains:
 Tho' prostrate nations tremble at his name,
 And nature moans while flattery wafts his fame:
 Yet happy Britons dare his vengeful ire,
 Safe in the dauntless soul which freedom can inspire.

HAPPINESS OF BRITAIN.

WHAT feelings agitate the bounding heart
 As o'er our favoured isle our glances dart!
 There Pan and Ceres reign, while Neptune guards;
 There comfort smiles around, and care discards.

What waves of gold the sportive breezes bend !
 What fragrant piles the cheerful farms attend !
 What lordly parks with beauteous villas crown'd !
 How jocund labour laughs, while health and peace
 abound !

Our towns, as population swells its tide,
 New mansions spread, new streets and squares divide.
 Here in delicious trance the arts repose,
 With beauty, nature, taste, the canvas glows ;
 Here science smooths her brow to placid smiles³,
 And with great nature's wonders time beguiles ;
 Around the stores of learning feast the eye,
 Pain lives amus'd, and grief forgets to sigh.
 Here let me dwell at times and charm my mind,
 Where courteous knowledge breathe a grace refin'd.
 Oh, Britain ! nurse thy virtues with thy power,
 And deathless laurels will thy fame embower.

NOTES.

¹ It is of importance to our happiness to form correct notions of the economy of human life. The more justly we comprehend the plan on which it seems to have been constituted, we shall be enabled to pass through it with more wisdom and advantage.

It appears then to us, to be intended to be a system of education from the cradle to the grave. The mind at our birth is mere capability and energy, void of knowledge, possessing great activity, but no self-government. It may be educated, during life, to acquire every degree of virtue and information, and it is perpetually making acquisitions, and forming itself into habits both good and bad, till death terminates its earthly career. Biography shews as well the excellencies to which it can attain, as the degradations to which it can descend. Our parents and our tutors are our first instructors; but as we advance into maturity, the events and lessons of life become the instruments of our moral discipline. We are subjected to the guidance of others for a certain period when we are most docile, that we may gradually fall into useful habits, and be in a great degree accustomed to the exercise of self-restraint, and learn the duties by which we ought to regulate our actions before we are placed under the necessity of acting for ourselves. Our life, from the beginning of manhood to the grave, exhibits the history of our powers of

self-government, of the improvements which we have acquired, and of the principles of action by which we decide to direct our conduct—in a word, it shews what sort of moral and intelligent beings we have chosen to become, since we possessed the power of acting as we pleased. If this be a correct notion of human life, it becomes of importance, that at every interval of leisure we pause awhile to consider what sort of a being we have up to that period made ourselves. Have we settled ourselves into moral habits; have we attained that power of self-government, of directing our energies in obedience to our duties, that if we were placed in a frameless material and more agile than the one we now possess, we should be sure of not misusing any superior powers? If the human intellect were invested with a frame more ethereal, more congenial with its activity than our encumbering body; if, instead of moving with our present tardy pace, we could dart from region to region with the rapidity of thought, and could in all other respects execute our will with the celerity and strength of our present powers of volition and resolution; what mischievous creatures should we not be, unless we had completely settled ourselves into the habits of using our then tremendous powers, in strict and steady obedience to the rules of justice and benevolence. If we permitted ourselves to be as exciteable and impressible then as we are now; if we had then as little self-government, and as imperfect moral habits as many of us have here; into what a chaos of disorder and ruin should we not soon convert creation?

But we hope that our next state of existence will be far less grossly material than our present. We see, then, it is im-

possible that we can be entrusted with a more immaterial nature, unless we have completely educated and accustomed ourselves in this life to use our enlarged powers exactly as reason and duty shall suggest.

² In the same week we had three remarkable suicides. An eminent stockbroker, Mr. Goldsmid and Mr. Paul. The first was the nearest resemblance of the character of Mr. Harrell, in Cecilia, that we have yet seen. He was distinguished for living in the most fashionable style, exceeding even the neighbouring nobility in the expence of his establishment, and the number and splendour of his entertainments. The cause of his self-destruction was the state of bankruptcy in which this profusion had involved his affairs. Mr. Goldsmid had long been remarkable for the wealth he was yearly amassing, and the consequence to which he had arisen. His suicide occurred in the midst of unequalled prosperity. Mr. Paul had long made himself notorious in the paths of political ambition. He had attempted the impeachment of a noble Marquis in the House of Commons; he contended for the representation of Westminster; he challenged and wounded Sir Francis Burdett; and finding all his ambitious hopes disappointed, he rushed madly into the grave.

³ Nothing can be more interesting, nor in their consequences more beneficial, than the Lectures and Institutions with which London abounds. To use the phrase of our great moralist, whatever withdraws us from the dominion of the present, whatever takes us from the grosser enjoyments of our senses, or the more frivolous pursuits of life, advances us in the scale and dignity of rational beings. Scientific lectures

not only amuse our leisure, but they enlarge and enrich our understandings. They facilitate our entrance into study—they accelerate our progress—they direct our attention to the most important objects of inquiry; and their effect will be that general cultivation of intellect, that universal acquisition of knowledge, which will exalt the reputation of Britain in every path of human emulation, far above all Greek and Roman fame.

SECTION V.



THE CHARMS OF MUSIC.

AMID the pleasures which mankind employ,
The heaven-born arts diffuse the purest joy;
And chief, with never-cloying magic bright,
Thy strains, enrapturing Music! most delight ¹.
How charming to repose in careless ease,
While the delicious lays, like gentle seas,
Flow soft and smooth, in gliding current round,
Wand'ring in devious harmony profound!
Now the sweet notes, as in luxurious play,
Run with each other, dancing light and gay:
Now swelling brilliantly in bolder flight;
Now melting into softness and delight.

How the soul thrills and trembles, while the strain
 Mourns, as if sorrow bade the breeze complain!
 Mysterious feelings, as though griefs we dread
 Hover'd around, a soothing sadness spread.
 The welcome melancholy lulls the mind,
 While the slow movement breathes a sense refin'd,
 Till sudden changes bring joy's tripping lay,
 And the lov'd dream of sorrow rolls away.

Oh, Music! charm of intellectual life!
 How do thy melting tones assuage its strife!
 While thy adagios gently glide away,
 What soft emotions in 'the bosom sway!
 The tenderest sympathies begin to reign,
 And Melancholy hears her own wild strain.
 E'en if with words or meaning uncombin'd,
 Thy melodies enchant all human kind:
 But as thy grander harmonies arise,
 The raptur'd soul is lifted to the skies:
 Thus, when a Haydn thunders "there was light,"
 Our startled souls confess the master's might?.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

So when the natal chorus hymns the Son,
And in Isaiah's phrase the voices run;
As Handel's strains the mighty God proclaim³,
To my mind's eye the vision almost came.
Fancy, awe-struck, the wonderful ador'd;
The Prince of Peace; the everlasting Lord.
But what tremendous harmonies divine,
The noblest feelings of the heart combine;
And lift the soul to heaven's imperial blaze,
When the full choirs the Hallelujahs raise;
When the Lord God Omnipotent is sung,
And Heaven's own voice seems rolling from the tongue:
What soft cherubic notes endear the tone,
Which marks "the kingdom of this world" his own;
What sudden grandeur fills the lofty strain,
That he for everlasting time shall reign !

But as "the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords,"
 Ascending swells in rich melodious chords;
 Devotion, love, and feeling, overwhelm,
 And raptured reason scarce maintains the helm 4.

ON DEVOTION.

AND is devotion frenzy? a wild dream?
 An old wives whim? gaunt superstition's theme?
 Speak ye who best can tell: ye noble few!
 Whose hearts the rapturous feast of reason knew;
 When, prone before the world-protecting mind,
 You blessed the great Redeemer of mankind:
 Newton, Locke, Boyle! our teachers and our fame;
 Whose deathless labours nations still acclaim:
 And shall inferior thinkers, who obtain'd
 From you the keys to all they since have gain'd,
 Reward their benefactors with the phrase,
 That empty folly mark'd their pious ways?

Presuming prejudice forbear! Despise,
 If so you list, religion's glorious prize.
 But be not so intolerantly vain
 To taunt as idiots those who court her reign⁵.

EXPLODED. PREJUDICES.

WHY cannot science be content to trace
 The ignorant follies which confuse our race;
 Without uprooting all that men revere;
 All that to virtue and to mind is dear?
 Too oft wherever knowledge faintly beams,
 Weak-judging man is terrified with dreams.
 That when the luminaries veil their rays,
 As spring advances or the year decays;
 Famine will blast the promise of the field;
 Or that dire plague its deadly breath will yield,
 As other moons eclipse; or that fierce war
 The bleeding world will wage and yet abhor,

Our fathers may have feared. And justly proud,
 Our knowledge may disperse the dismal cloud.
 To teach that rolling thro' the ambient skies
 The moon must travel where our shadow flies;
 And as we stop the beams which bless her globe,
 That darkness will extend its gloomy robe;
 Or as her crescent turns it new-born light,
 If we glide thro' her shade; lo! sudden night.
 The birds flit hasty to their straw-wove beds,
 And stars appear, and dreary chilness spreads⁶:
 To spurn the frantic thought, that angry fate,
 Or senseless chance compels the varied state;
 To show that science can correct, descry
 The path of every orb that moves on high:
 Thus to direct the philosophic mind
 Is to improve and dignify mankind.
 But why our godlike reason e'er misuse,
 To justify the sceptic's cheerless views?

THE PHANTOMS OF THE ROCK.

IN Iceland's snows, and mid the northern race,
The phantoms of the rock once held their place;
Like us they pair'd, both want and plenty knew,
Laugh'd in enjoyment, wept when pleasure flew:
To death were fated, but their power was vast,
Their malice and revenge all bounds surpast.
Sometimes they mingled with our social fare,
And none dared question who the strangers were;
They revelled as they pleased, when, lo! the place
They filled, was vacancy—no sight could trace
Their rising or departure; like a flame
They had been but were not; just so they came.
The northern sagas vouch the legend true;
This demon race their heroes often knew.
Turn to Rolf Krake's life. With grief-ful mind,
His father left the commerce of mankind.

At night a groaning creature sued for aid,
 In habit squalid, meagre, pale, dismay'd.
 The king received her, and on earnest prayer,
 She shared at large his hospitable care.
 When morning dawn'd, a perfect beauty lay
 All radiant by his side, elate and gay;
 The wond'rous phantom was a rock-born fay⁷.
 Such whims as these spring up in every clime:
 Some we despise—some reverence as sublime.

RELIGION NOT CREDULITY.

ALL nations credulous and rude have been ;
 In minds untaught thought bears a wildered mien.
 Pagans or atheists, Christians, Turks, or Jews,
 Have each their bigotry—their party views.
 But how with these is pure religion join'd ?
 With her they war as with the most refin'd.
 Does she of fairies, fate, or dryads talk ?
 Does she bid witches spell, or spectres stalk ?

Do quacks or conjurors learn from her their fraud?
 Can she not live but ignorance spreads abroad?
 Oh, Milton, Johnson, Paley! teach us now
 This silliest dream of time to disavow.

REFLEXIONS OF MATURED LIFE.

ARRIV'D at life's calm eve, I love to pause,
 And meditate on nature's future laws.
 Time's vast mysterious ocean lies before,
 And I must soon its unknown waves explore.
 Ere long my light must cease; 'tis now less bright;
 Ev'n now a dimness marks approaching night.
 Our fathers sleep. The world's successive streams
 Of busy life, scarce live in memory's dreams.
 And we must join them in the murky tomb—
 Alas! what scenes await us in its gloom!
 Tho' now with jocund merriment we trip,
 Where reason smiles, or folly loves to skip;
 Yet the swift hours must pass. Perplexing thought!
 And we must dare the bourn with terror fraught.

Yon brilliant orb retires—but 'tis to rise,
 And with new glory animate the skies.
 Earth's verdant tribes decay—but 'tis to blow
 With fresh'ning beauty in the vernal glow.
 Man only vanishes—in darkness lost,
 Till this proud fabric shake—in ruin tost.
 His only hope is meek religion's tale;
 That to new worlds the soul reviv'd may sail:
 There gain the privilege to flourish, blest
 In those unfading realms where angels rest &.

The world's delights excite a welcome smile:
 Sweet, modest beauty will our hearts beguile.
 We court the magic wand of wealth, and task
 The powers of art, and laugh in pleasure's mask.
 But with the hour all these enjoyments cease,
 And reason seeks a more continuing peace:
 That peace which ev'n survives th' insatiate grave,
 Religion only from its storms can save.
 Then let me seek her awful Sire, and raise
 To him the altar of adoring praise.

Shrin'd in her temple let the restless world
 Roll as it may, by vice or folly whirl'd;
 Safe in th' approving smiles of nature's Lord,
 Be mine whatever fate he deigns t' award.
 To him I'll live, in him prepare to die,
 When all earth's golden hopes like meteors fly.

ABSURDITY OF SUPERSTITION.

YET not the vain enthusiast has my praise,
 Who pours such torrents of fanatic phrase;
 Who loves to wield with wild promiscuous ire
 The madd'ning terrors of damnation's fire.
 Can such vague rashness wound my deaf'ned ear,
 Nor indignation glance a scornful sneer?
 Perhaps when infant reason first began
 To rule the passions of the future man;
 I may have trembled at the frightful tales,
 And dreamt of cloven feet and fiery gaols.

Perhaps a saucer-eye, or dragon's claw,
 Subjected struggling will to duty's law.
 But tho' these fiends and giants have beguil'd
 Young fancy's ear, and awed a naughty child;
 Why should such spectres still be rais'd to scare
 The man matur'd, who needs more liberal fare ?

O'er childhood's sports imagination reigns,
 Her wild amazement its light faults restrains;
 But as the fire of youth exalts the soul,
 The ever-kindling passions need controul.
 From these our actions slope their bolder way;
 Passion prompts fancy, both the conduct swāy.

Then why should teachers misapply the cure,
 And toil to frighten those they might allure?
 As infancy recedes, the moral strain
 Should agitate the heart, not scare the brain.
 In all her beauties let religion shine,
 Soften her brow, and smiles with tears combine.

In youth the noble purpose warms the mind,
Chastened by sympathy, by love refin'd.
Let these the precept to the soul convey,
Till emulation kindle from the lay.
Subdue the rebel mind by pity's tear,
But rarely terrify with shrieking fear.
Bring not the terrors of the demon's hell,
To lash us to the maniac's hopeless cell.
This horrible conclusion of our doom,
Our private musings will at times assume :
But leave the dreadful chance for silent thought,
Nor thus in deaf'ning rhapsodies be wrought.
The venerable fathers of our hope
Let not such jargon from their lips elope :
They strove by zealous wisdom to persuade
Their list'ning flocks to shun the fatal shade.
Then ne'er be piety from sense disjoin'd,
But with our purest reason live combin'd.

NOTES.

¹ Of the three sister arts of poetry, painting, and music, the last has this peculiar excellence, that it may be universally acquired and exercised. An artist whom no one can know without esteeming, and who to great powers of painting unites distinguished talents as a poet, has published in a note to his *Rhymes on Art* an ingenious comparison between the poet and the painter. As his claim to our applause is equal in either character, his opinion is disinterested, but he has not satisfied us that the painter is superior to the poet; and we think that some of his arguments would equally exalt the rank of the great musical composer, who is also one of the rarest productions of civilized society. But whatever be their relative merit, they are the great delights of cultivated life; while sensual pleasures gratify our bodily appetites, the arts improve as well as interest the mind. Music is peculiarly addressed to the feelings, and even in its rudest form exerts its magic power over them. Hence the extravagant accounts of its effects in antiquity, and hence the powerful impression of many national airs. Music attained its utmost majesty under Handel; since his time, Haydn and Mozart have united it with elegance, variety, and pathos. Beethoven, who possesses much of the merit of his predecessors, in his efforts after originality frequently makes it

wild, fantastic, confused, and incomprehensible, but he abounds with genius.

² The fine effect in this part of Haydn's *Creation*, of the sudden burst of harmony rising up, swelling out and expanding all around like the new-born light starting into existence, in the view of applauding angels, and diffusing itself every-where, cannot be described. It is one of the finest conceptions of the *Creation*. Of this oratorio it may be observed, that it excels those of Handel in elegance and taste, but cannot approach the *Messiah* in sublimity. The chorus, introducing the new created world, is singularly beautiful; and that of "the Heavens are telling the glory of God," is admirable.

³ At the same time that we express the highest feeling of the sublimity of Handel's *Messiah*, we think that Mozart's additions have greatly improved it, except in the two grand chorusses mentioned in the text. It ought, therefore, to be always performed with Mozart's elegant improvements, except in these two chorusses. It is too uniform and too heavy, as it is in the score of Handel. Mozart has given to many parts great lightness and beauty.

⁴ The great use of sacred music is to excite and gratify that devotional feeling which cultivated minds, that are pleased with religion, love to indulge. Handel's oratorios abound with airs and chorusses, which produce this effect in a distinguished degree. "Angels ever bright and fair," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "He was despised and rejected of men," "What tho' I trace each herb and flower," "Where is this stupendous stranger?" "He shall feed his

flock." "Holy, holy Lord," and "Farewell ye limpid springs," abound with devotional feeling. Of his chorusses that have the same tendency besides those above mentioned, we may also notice, "Worthy is the Lamb," and "The Glory of the Lord shall be revealed," and the grand opening of "The Dettingen Te Deum." We may also mention with the highest approbation for the same devotional effect, "The Gloria in excelsis of Pergolesi," "Martin Luther's Hymn," "The Praise of God" of Haydn," the "Hear my Prayer" of Kent, the "Hymn of Eve" of Arne, and the "Benedictus" in the requiem of Mozart. The devotional taste abstracted from all superstition and fanaticism, is a great addition to the happiness of life. Every thing that is interesting to the human heart is connected with it; and we know of no feelings so pure, or so delightful, as those of grateful adoration, when the mind bends with love and veneration to its bountiful Creator. These have never arisen in our bosoms more powerfully than at the oratorios of the theatre and private concerts, when we have listened to the pieces we have noticed.

⁵ It is a favourite theme with the French philosophers, and some of our own writers, to represent all persons attached to religion as bigoted and weak-minded, or as artful, hypocritical, and knavish; that this is great prejudice equally illiberal and untrue, the following names of illustrious men, who have sincerely believed Christianity, will evince.

Milton,

Lord Burleigh,

Locke,

Dr. Johnson,

Grotius,

Sir William Jones,

Sir Isaac Newton,

Addison,

Boyle,	Burke,
Bentley,	Pitt,
Pascal,	Lord Nelson,
Fenelon,	Euler,
Gustavus Adolphus,	General Washington,
Bacon,	Lord Lyttleton.

⁶ These circumstances occurred at the great eclipse of the sun in the beginning of the last century.

⁷ These visionary beings appear in the northern literature, but have not been used in the works of imagination in this country. An account of them may be seen in the *Life of Rolf Kraki*, c. vii. p. 46. They are called the *Saxicolæ*. *Torferes*, in his Preface, after giving an extract from the account of an "Icelandic *Presbyter de Saxicolarum natura*," very gravely says, he might have believed their existence if his friend had but shown how their bodies, cattle, and furniture could be kept under the earth invisible, because the subterraneous places which were said to be their habitations had been opened with spades, but no traces of any cavern or residence had been found.

⁸ Some of the pleasures of religion are well stated in some late ingenious "Essays on the Sources of the Pleasures received from literary Compositions."

"But religion opens for our consolation happier prospects, which give ample scope for the exertions of genius to relieve and even delight affliction itself. Beyond the clouds and storms that surround our present abode, we descry the heavenly regions where the virtuous are called to their high destination; where their time shall be diversified by employ-

ments more honourable, more delightful, and varied than the earth can afford; where the sphere of their existence shall be enlarged by the development of new and unknown faculties, far beyond what the change would be if the eyes of the blind were opened to the beauties of the universe; where they shall be admitted to the society of the immortal powers, in scenes more glorious than nature has ever yet displayed in the fairest arrangements and aspects of our lower world." Page 204.

SECTION VI.



APOLOGY FOR POETRY.

BUT shall I toil for rhimes and measur'd phrase
In these disjointed and disastrous days?
When martial terrors shake th' ensanguin'd earth,
And social prodigies have daily birth¹.
Yes—for what path so harmless can I tread;
Peace may attend a rhyming hermit's bed.
To sigh for wild Valclusa's sacred shades²,
And secret converse with th' Aonian maids,
May soothe the mind that shuns alike the haunts
Where care corrodes, or light-wing'd pleasure flaunts.

Yes, ye blest shades! whose intellect refin'd,
So oft the charms of heaven-born verse combin'd;

Whose deathless strains with melody sublime,
 Still float harmonious thro' the storms of time;
 Your consecrated lyres I love to hear,
 And oft approach to touch with doubt and fear:
 Forgive your secret votary who dares
 Within your bowers to try unpolish'd airs.
 Perhaps tho' rude the song, some notes may sound
 Not quite discordant in your hallowed ground.

Once, when Dan Pindar's eagle genius flew,
 Some little peace and credit poets knew.
 Their lays enraptur'd Greece indulgent cheer'd,
 And nations triumphed when a muse appear'd:
 The useful verse the generous censors hail'd;
 Prais'd where it pleas'd, and pardon'd when it fail'd.

Severer critics rule in modern days;
 High beyond hope are hung the envied bays.
 To quit the charmed ground, the dream disperse,
 Nor make the folly public by the verse,

Is the harsh lesson of prudential care;
 But how can bards the tempting rhyme forbear?
 When the sweet syrens warble in our ear,
 Can songs so magical awaken fear?
 Where fancy places her seductive spell,
 The mind will jingle and the verse will swell.

To woo the moral songstress of the mind,
 To sound that lyre, so lov'd by taste refin'd;
 To breathe the thought in music to the heart;
 And fairy shapes to useful truths impart;
 To marshal words in symphonies, which charm
 Time's misanthropic ear and fate disarm,
 Has prov'd the solace of the noblest souls;
 Ev'n pale disease the tuneful lay controls.
 Lo! at the village feasts the bard of Greece
 Pour'd his high strains, and sooth'd ev'n toil to
 peace.
 Tho' old and poor, to nature's scenes all blind,
 What new creations issued from his mind!

Thoughts ever flowering! beauty ne'er to fade!
 The forms of truth and taste with fancy's gems array'd.

If Greece, triumphant with superior fame,
 For her old bards eternal wonder claim:
 If every land the gladsome nine adore,
 As vagrants shall they pine on Albion's shore!
 Forbid it, genius! and forbid it, pride!
 The muse to every virtue is allied.
 Then let the bard, with rhiming trifles gay,
 Sail down the stream of time where millions play.

Come then, enchantress of the cultur'd mind!
 And let my careless hours thine influence find.
 All-soothing fancy! with thy rainbow wings,
 Be still my sylph and animate my strings.
 So shall life glide away with softer course,
 And reason find in thee a kind and safe resource.

NOTES.

¹ The present state of Europe is, indeed, portentous; and, if Austria fails in her present contest, promises to mankind an age of desolation. Wars, unhappily for our social comforts, have always abounded; but the limited means of the sovereigns or nations who waged them, have usually narrowed their mischievous effects into small circles. Unfortunately for human peace, a man now predominates in Europe, who, to an insatiable appetite for war, joins an unpitying sternness and fierceness of disposition with the most unbounded means. No human being has ever shed so much human blood, or personally produced and witnessed so many fields of human slaughter as he has, and yet so hardened is his heart to all the sympathies of our nature, that in his late battles near Ratisbon, he calls it a most beautiful sight to see 200,000 human beings struggling to destroy each other—a sentiment which cannot but recal to our minds the times of Danish ferocity, when Ragnar Lodbrog declared, that the sight of a battle was pleasing to his heart, as when he seated by him his blooming bride. The dreadful code of conscription which Bonaparte has established in his own dominions, and enforces for his own purpose in those of every other state which he can overawe, gives him such a profusion of military force, that he can triumph and desolate where he pleases.

Nothing ever spread through Europe so much misery, or menaces the world with more ruin than this tremendous engine of unprincipled ambition. If Austria sinks beneath the unequal conflict which she is now maintaining against him, and in which he is assailing her not merely with his own forces, but with those of all Germany likewise, no human obstacles will remain to his sanguinary career, and mankind must bleed for years from the invasions and ravages of a restless, capricious, and unrelenting despot. Yet even in this dark prospect of immediate suffering some luminous points appear, which seem to announce, that when this evil being has passed away a bright and happy period is ordained to succeed. We cannot as yet see far enough into the unborn events of time to trace the outline of our future destiny, but many circumstances may even now be noticed which promise an issue auspicious to our hopes.

² Valchusa was the retreat of Petrarch, and is delightfully described in one of his letters.

³ Homer, in his hymn to Apollo, thus speaks of himself; I give it in Mr. Blackwall's translation, from his interesting inquiry into the life and writings of Homer.

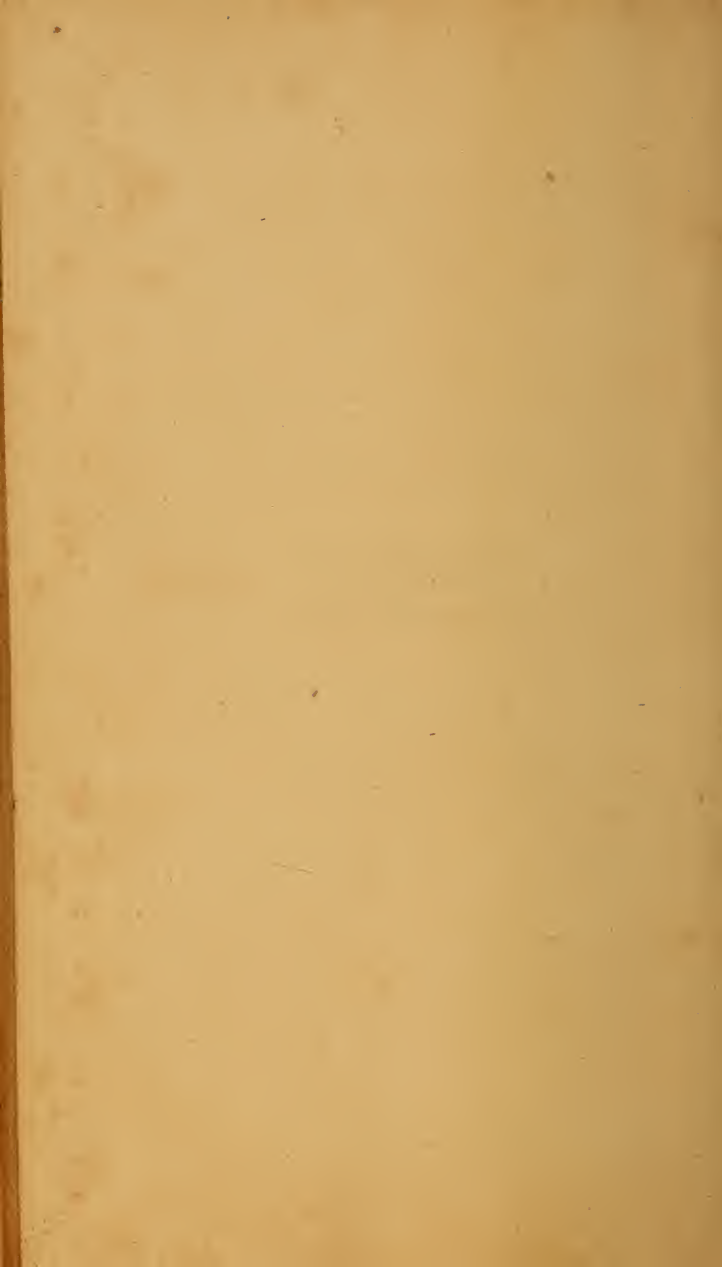
“ Hail, heavenly powers, whose praises I sing; let
 “ me also hope to be remembered in the ages to come:
 “ and when any one born of the tribes of men comes hither, a
 “ weary traveller, and inquires ‘ Who is the sweetest of the
 “ singing men that resort to your feasts, and whom you most
 “ delight to hear?’ Then do you answer for me, ‘ It is the
 “ blind man that dwells in Chios; his songs excel all that can

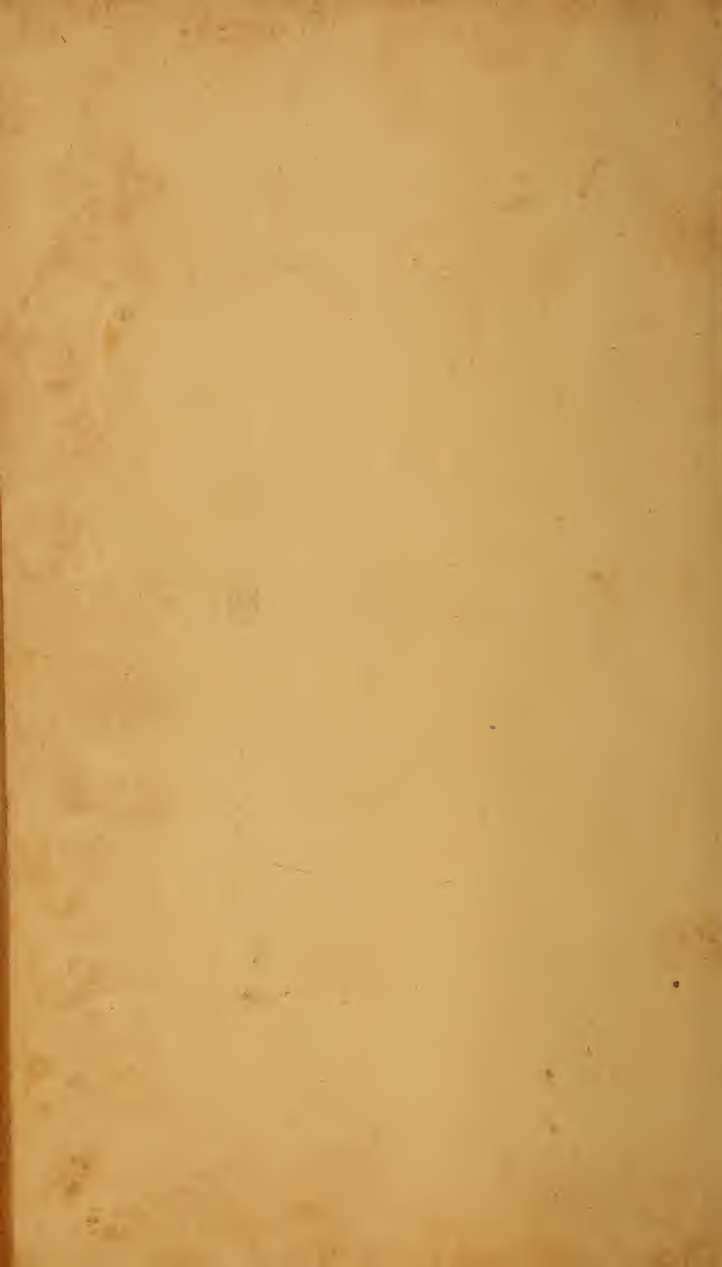
“ e’er be sung,’ ” p. 108. Mr. Blackwall’s remarks on the Aoidos or Grecian bard, though somewhat too dilated, are worth reading in his Eighth Section.

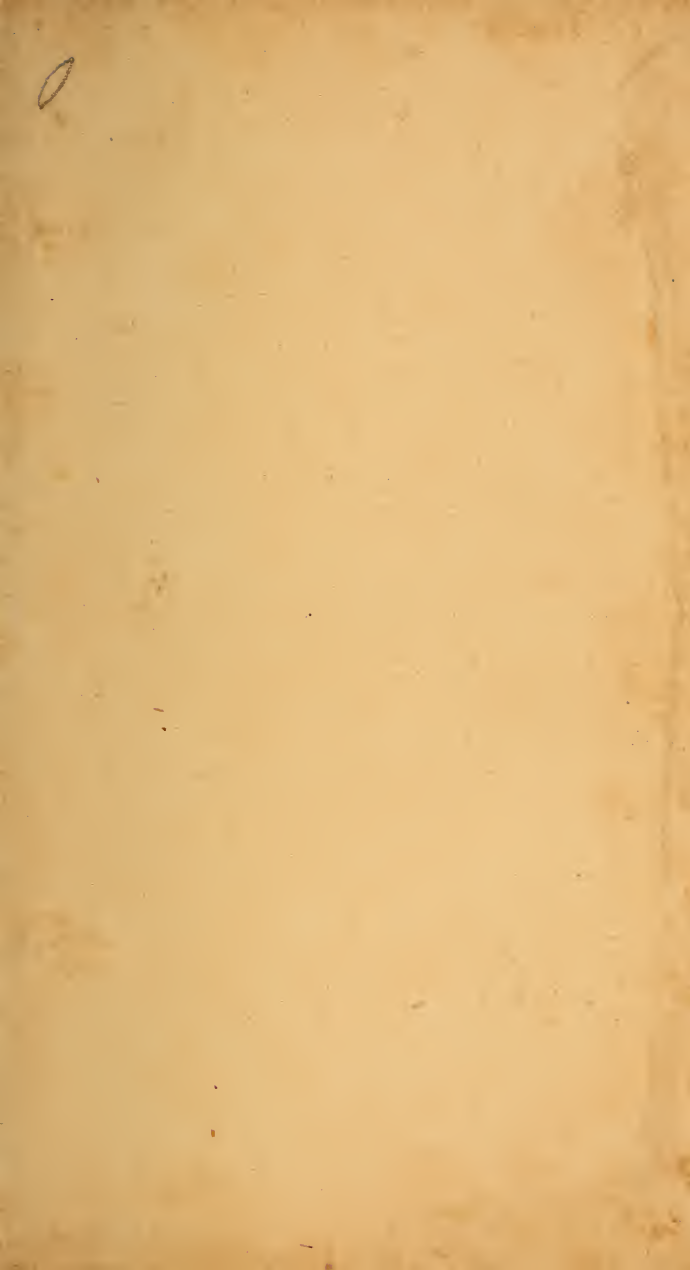
Poetry was in very high estimation in Greece. Even Plato, who banished poetry from his republic, could yet say that it was a beautiful enthusiasm, “ when the love of the
 “ muses seizes upon a soft and susceptible mind. It is then
 “ that it exalts the soul, and throwing it into ecstasies,
 “ makes it break forth in hymus and songs and other kinds
 “ of poetry, and celebrate the high achievements of ancient
 “ times, and instruct the generations to come.” Plato in Phædro. ib.

FINIS.

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